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Hope for Ireland

Excerpts from a radio address

By Walter B. Mahony

There is no journey which would better repay the traveler, particularly the American, than to seek a glimpse of the Emerald Isle. After two visits to Ireland, following the troublous days of 1921 and 1922, my accounts of its beauties were of such enthusiastic tone that an intimate friend insisted on giving the precious final week of a brief trip abroad to a motor tour through the southern counties. As we sat down at a table in Kenmare, the announcement was made that we now were in the Kingdom of Kerry, to which the reply came that to hear me discourse upon its charm, one might be inclined to think it the Kingdom of Heaven. As one writer puts it, "Ireland has a combination of tenderness and wildness, appealing to the eye and touching the spirit."

Before presuming to speak upon the economic outlook for the Irish Free State, let me offer as the only excuse the five pilgrimages made to Erin within the past eight years, the final one being completed within a month, with the inevitable result of arousing a deep interest in its future.

The statement has been made on sound authority that over forty million of the population of the United States have a share of Irish blood from one parent or the other. It is well known that New York is the largest Irish city of the world. Professor Lecky, the learned member of Parliament for Trinity College, Dublin, in his *History of England in the Eighteenth Century* wrote that even as far back as 1775 "the many disastrous circumstances of Irish history had driven great bodies of Irishmen to seek a home in America" and the tide has flowed ever since.

The internationally famed George Russell, better known perhaps as A. E., recently a visitor to America, speaks of the "literature in Gaelic as so ancient that its Sagas go back to a period comparable with the Homeric stories in the character of the civilization they reveal." We remember the stir created by the astonishing revelation of the breadth of reading indicated in the history of the Irish Sagas, as told by the late Theodore Roosevelt, and now Lady Gregory is keeping alive these bards of antiquity in her translations of these ancient stories.

A. E. confidently refers to the present day rebirth of Irish literature and, modestly omitting himself, points to Yeats and Synge, to James Stephens and Dunsany, to Bernard Shaw and George Moore and with proper pride asserts that "No country in the world is producing literature of finer quality than our own."

Education comes ahead of economic development and what greater stimulus could there be than the knowledge that there was a day when "Ireland was regarded by all Europe as the principle center of learning" and when "Armagh University was the metropolis of civilization?" Twenty per cent of the total national revenue is devoted to education, which has deservedly received paramount attention by the State. Within the past few years two hundred new schools have been built and over fifteen hundred existing schools have been enlarged and remodeled. In no country in the world does the expenditure on education absorb so large a proportion of the revenue.

The first movement toward economic improvement within the present century should rightly be credited to Sir Horace Plunkett, who organized his dairy and agricultural societies to bring the small farmers together for purchase, manufacture, credit and marketing. His tireless efforts, ably assisted by associates of standing and repute, resulted in the creation of more than a thousand such coöperative groups. This movement has

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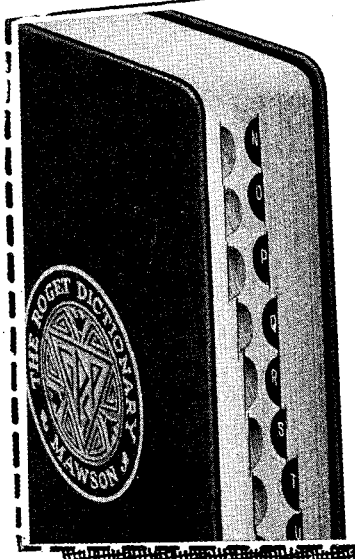

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received the endorsement and support of the State, and in the Minister for Agriculture has found a powerful and able ally.

Before economic progress can be advanced, there must, of course, be stability and security. To effect this, the Government has directed its efforts with such a degree of success that notwithstanding the anarchy into which the country had fallen in 1922, there is today no other country more peaceful and free from crime. Fortunate it was that a few men of rare ability were available when the first Government was formed. They have attacked the problems and difficulties with which their country was beset and are surely gaining the victory.

In this brief recital it is possible only to touch upon the high spots of economic improvement. There is, of course, the vast plan nearing completion for the development of the hydro-electric power along the Shannon River with a present capacity of ninety thousand horsepower. This has involved the expenditure to date of over thirty-five million dollars, and will make possible the delivery of cheap light and power to every district and reduce the burden of coal imports. Already there is scarcely a village of over five hundred population without electricity. The agricultural and dairy industries have largely benefited and the more important industrial enterprises are now using the electric current for motive power.

The competing railways were, by legislation, amalgamated into one company, producing improved service at lessened cost. Highways and bridges have been rebuilt, making travel by motor safe and agreeable. Over one hundred new industrial plants have been built, including the largest beet sugar factory in Europe. Extensive sanitation and drainage schemes are adding to the health and productive capacity of the country.

Total trade now exceeds five hundred million dollars and is gradually working towards a favorable balance. Bank deposits have increased and assets now amount to over one billion dollars. Despite the world-wide depression, the Irish Bank showed better results in 1930 than in 1929 and there has been a notable absence of failures. More houses have been built during the last five years than during the previous fifty years. Savings certificates limited to not more than $2,500 to each individual, were issued to the extent of $2,200,000 in 1924 and had grown to $37,360,000 by the end of 1930, amply disproving the theory that the Irish are an improvident people.

Three national loans to a total of around $104,000,000 have been issued, the portion placed in America being $15,000,000 at a price of 95. These bonds have recently sold above 107.

The standing army has been reduced from 50,000 to 5,000. More people returned to the Free State in the first half of this year than came from her shores to America.

The national debt of the Irish Free State is the lowest per capita in the world, and it possesses — what is unique in these days — a balanced budget.

To run over this list fails to catch the imagination, but to one who has just returned from a delightful holiday, the impression gained is one of amazement at the improvement shown in the space of a few years and warrants the hope of a fruitful future. There is evidence on every hand of a changed spirit; the atmosphere of pessimism and discouragement is absent. The naturally buoyant Irish character is in the ascendent. The devoted sons and daughters of Erin are returning and bringing with them fresh and progressive ideas and improved standards of living. Recently the New York *Times* carried an editorial under the caption "Come Back To Erin" and if this siren song came over the radio from the throat of the beloved John McCormack, the soft voice of Ireland would have an irresistible appeal from across the seas.

To speak the names of such villages as Glengariff, Parknasilla and Killarney — the Bays of Bantry and Kenmare — the Castles of Dromore, Dunloe and Coulmain with their towers must appeal to one's sentiment. The drive coasting the South shore of Ireland is the equal of any — whether it be the Corniche in the South of France, the Sorrento-Amalfi below Naples, the Nikko-Chuzenzi in Japan, or even that of Darjeeling — beneath Kinchinjunga in Northern India. Awaiting you is the warmth of hospitality found in every true Irish heart.

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The Financial Outlook

By John Pell

Foreign Affairs

The European situation is constantly changing. Overnight new elements of the utmost significance, unsuspected before, arise. Since this column, for obvious technical reasons, is being written more than twenty-four hours before it will appear in print, nothing written here, and now, regarding the European situation could be of any value to you when you read it. If the Gordian knot which is strangling Europe is cut by a war (some of the most astute observers of European affairs believe that no other knife can cut it), no financial or economic forecast penned before that event occurs can have any significance whatever. I offer it as my personal opinion, however, that a European war is unthinkable and impossible at this time. The weapons and munitions would have to be supplied by this country as they were in the last war. We thought we were growing rich because we sold billions of dollars' worth of supplies to Europe, but we also loaned her the money with which to pay for these supplies. As in all wars, everybody lost. Europe received the supplies, which she used for the destruction of her property: we received promises — and experience. The American people would not finance another European war. Furthermore, the efforts of the American Government to maintain peace may yet prove successful. I have unhesitatingly criticized Mr. Hoover's economy when I believed it to be unsound; now I should like to add my voice to the shouts of praise which he has deservedly received for his prompt action in the present emergency and his continuing efforts to avert another European catastrophe. The United States can no longer remain aloof from world affairs, not so much for her own sake as for that of her neighbors. What follows is based on the assumption that there will not be war at this time.

A New Moses

Our foreign trade is still rapidly receding and, it is apparent, little improvement can be expected as long as our European, South American and Asiatic markets are in chaotic upheaval. Does it follow that American business will remain in a state of deep depression until foreign political problems have been solved — by war, revolution or intrigue? It does not. Improvement will have to begin somewhere, and it might just as well begin here as anywhere else. When things look as though they couldn't get any worse, they have a curious way of getting better, often for a reason which apparently nobody expected. The other day I ran across an advertisement which so struck my fancy that I saved it, and quote it here, in part:

> A new Moses appears, to lead us out of the economic wilderness. It is the market for domestic electric appliances, said to be twenty-four billion dollars, comparable in size to the automobile market in 1920 — the year that embarked that industry on its greatest decade of expansion.

This little ad, printed by the General Utilities Securities Company, Inc., of New York, made a deep impression on me. I have given it a good deal of thought and believe that it contains more than a germ of truth. I have begun to search the bulrushes.

Electric Power Production

Turning to my chart of electric power production, I find that in the week of July eleventh power production in the United States passed the figure for the corresponding week of last year and was only seven per cent behind the similar week of 1929. Now the greater part of the electricity produced in this country is used by factories as power for the production of goods. But any index of industrial activity shows that it has decreased steadily during the last year and is only a fraction of what it was in the sum-

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mer of 1929. Either the weekly figures of carloadings or the *Annalist's* index of business activity will prove this point.

Electric production and electric consumption, remember, are synonymous. Electricity can not be stored in tanks, or laid up in barns, along with the Farm Board's wheat. There is never an oversupply, and as long as there are waterfalls and tides as well as coal fields and oil wells, it will never be exhausted. It is produced as demanded and flows directly into factories, public lighting and traction systems, electrified railroads, hotels, offices and private homes. If the same amount of electricity is being consumed as a year ago, although the demand from two of the principal consumers — factories and railroads — has materially fallen off, the remaining consumers must be using much larger quantities than formerly. The public lighting and traction systems of the country, however, have expanded but little during the past year. The great expansion in the use of electricity, has been in the homes and offices, public and private, of the American people. If, when they are hard up, they can buy more electricity for their private use as well as appliances to use it with, than they did when they were last prosperous, what will they do when they are prosperous again? The stock market, that wisest of prophets, foresees the possibilities. That is why, in the April-June break, the utility or electric stocks were the only ones which did not, as a group, penetrate their December lows, and why these stocks sell, and will continue to do so, on a higher relation to earnings and yield than the other groups — because they have the best prospects.

In this connection let me point out that many people still state that the stock market crash caused the depression. On the contrary, the worst panic the country has ever seen was merely the stock market's way of predicting the worst depression the country has ever seen. And, as usual, the market was right.

Stocks

With similar reasoning, many people believe that the stocks which have the highest yields are the cheapest. As a rule, they are the most expensive. Stocks sell on a high yield basis because the yield is in danger, and on a low yield basis because the prospects are good and the dividend likely to be raised. The stock market can look back on many years of experience, and sometimes it looks years ahead. It sees, I believe correctly, a very bright future for the electric business in this country.

The market appears to have a way of finding reasons, or excuses, for doing what it wants to do. Actually, of course, the market saw the reasons which you and I missed. As much can be told about the future of business by studying the history of the stock market as from any other statistics or records of the past. The market, like all the other phenomena with which we are familiar, has a way of repeating, going through the same old antics time and again. One of its habits has been that in each of the depressions which have succeeded one another at varying intervals during the economic history of this country, it has made a low somewhat above the low of the preceding depression, followed by a high above the old high. It is the market's way of telling the story of the upward trend of the standard of living in this country.

Now the June lows in the market averages were only a few points above the lows of 1921. If this level is penetrated, the market will be clearly predicting that the country's peak has been reached and passed. I am optimistic enough to believe that this is not the case, and that therefore the market will not reach the 1921 level. Just when it looked as though it were going to, the market turned and shortly afterwards made the announcement of Mr. Hoover's moratorium plan the excuse for a brisk rally. Perhaps the wise old market foresaw the inevitability of such a move, just as it foresaw in April, and spent the spring discounting, the European crisis of June. After much hesitation as well as several false starts and setbacks, the market will appear to find an excuse — a Moses in the bulrushes — for continuing the uptrend established in June.

Construction

After the spring recession, the volume of contracts for new construction enterprises turned up in June, and it appeared that the hoped for secondary peak was about

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to be materialized. In July, however, activity slipped off again. It is still too early to tell whether the chart is going to follow the pattern of 1921, the recovery year, or that of 1930. If the latter occurs, it can only be interpreted bearishly. Materially lower costs will inevitably stimulate activity sooner or later, but they have not begun to do so as yet. I am still confident, however, that the fall will see a sizable increase in building activity.

Commodities

Most commodity price charts show a double bottom — a phenomenon always considered by chart students significant of probable improvement. Many goods are selling below the cost of production now. A slight stiffening of prices is not improbable but a strong upward movement is not anticipated during the near term. Sentiment will be greatly stimulated once it is generally believed that the precipitate decline in the price scale has been halted. There is almost no limit to the measures of economy which can be taken, profits can be adjusted to almost any price level. But it is obviously impossible to hope to manufacture and market goods successfully when there is no telling what level the selling price may have reached by the time production is completed.

Credit

The Federal Reserve's Board's policy at present appears to be to make short term investments so unprofitable that surplus funds will be forced to seek employment in longer term bonds. Moral pressure is being exerted on banks to reduce interest rates on savings and other time deposits. This policy is unquestionably sensible: a strong bond market would stimulate business sentiment generally. But the public is a good deal of a horse when it comes to being led to water. Until it believes that there are to be no more major business failures and no real estate panic, it is going to keep some of its shekels in its stocking.

Agriculture

Several times in the history of this country a prolonged period of depression has ended in the summer when followed by an abundant harvest. It is still too early to predict the autumn harvests accurately, but the winter wheat crop, particularly in the Southwestern region, is of bumper proportions. As Thomas Gibson points out, while it is true that the price level is low, it also must be borne in mind that this volume of wheat is produced from a smaller acreage at less expense than former crops and that the net returns therefore will be substantially higher than might appear if only the current price level were taken into consideration. It may be that Moses is hiding in the cornstalks.

Railroads

You and I are not the only ones who are scrutinizing the crop reports of the Department of Agriculture. The Interstate Com-

(*Continued on page XV*)

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By Way of Introduction

Phelps Haviland Adams (*Strictly Business*) is a Washington correspondent for the *New York Sun*. He has written before for this magazine.

Lewis Einstein (*Our Still Dubious Foreign Policy*) has been secretary of American embassies in many European countries and China. He is author of books and articles on literature, history and art.

Algernon Blackwood (*The Fire Body*), the well known short story writer, is outstanding in his power to handle supernatural and fantastic subjects. Earlier in his career he was on the staff of the *New York Sun* and *New York Times;* he now lives in England.

Susan Lee (*A Game for Twosomes*) is the pseudonym of a woman who contributes to newspapers and magazines. She was brought up on a Missouri farm and later moved to the city, where she taught school and did office work.

Joseph Lilly (*Metropolis of the West*), a native of Ohio, has been Washington correspondent of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, and for ten years did reportorial work in New York City. He has written before for this magazine.

Benjamin Appel (*White Mice and Perfume*), who graduated two years ago from Lafayette College, has already had published several short stories and a book of verse.

Glowacki R. Parker (*Synthetic Gold*) is an engineer and banker. He has served as President of the American Exporters' and Importers' Association, National Councillor of the United States Chamber of Commerce, Trade Adviser of the National Foreign Trade Council, and member of many other committees of commercial organizations.

Gerhard Hirschfeld (*A Morgue of Mortgages*) is the American correspondent for a number of European publications and a contributor to many magazines in this country. Besides his study of economic and political developments, he has made a study nearly as intense of the piano, including both the productive and the reproductive sides.

Donald Rose (*Aviation Chases Its Tail*), who formerly was an Associate Editor of, and wrote a department, Stuff and Nonsense, for The North American Review, is an editorial writer on the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* and contributor to many magazines.

Ralph Aiken (*A Laborer's Leisure*) is a special-article writer. He contributed *More Machines* to the May issue of this magazine.

Louise Maunsell Field (*What's Wrong with the Women?*), who has written frequently for The North American Review, has been a dramatic critic, regular contributor to the outstanding literary reviews, and is the author of novels.

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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

The North American Review

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Apéritif

Blood on Her Mouth

THERE are, I suppose, enough mystery stories written each month to make mine entirely superfluous, but what I consider its whimsical aspects, anyhow, are a provocation, and provocations are too infrequent these days to ignore out of hand.

For instance, although from the start, more or less, the newspapers were full of this crime (if, as the story-writers add, it *was* a crime), they all overlooked that most startling of all startling facts: that there was no sign of a *corpus delicti*. Not that there were no murders; there were eventually, plenty of them. But at the outset there was no *corpus delicti*. None at all.

What happened? Well, the thing has never been wholly cleared up, but this is my idea: One morning in the lower, grimier, busier reaches of Manhattan Island, a group of business men found on the steps of a building they worked in an infant carefully swaddled in plain garments and maintaining a grim silence. It was hardly a normal discovery, but none of the men was exactly put out by it — then, at least. One picked up the infant and made some of those meaningless gestures about its face which often appear necessary to fathers. It still made no sound.

The man holding it grew slightly restless. "Fred," he said, "what do you do with them? — Police station?" And Fred supposed so, adding that it might be well for all of them to go. When they turned to do so, the infant made a sound which persuaded them to stop. The sound was a long, low whistle.

To the best of my knowledge there is no justification for a baby not more than three weeks old uttering long, low whistles. This is also what Fred thought, and his companions. In fact, they were startled. Making surprised ejaculations, they peered into the little red face, which, for a moment, remained impassive under their scrutiny. Then it broke without warning into the evilest wink these men had ever seen.

Still, this was not enough. Policemen are a notoriously skeptical lot and they took the infant without comment, expecting little. But that afternoon they discovered that she

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(they discovered this too) had teeth. She bit a dog.

It made news, of course, but there is not much to tell about it. Simply, one of the policemen had a mild-mannered dog which tried to make friends with the infant. The result is known.

Now a great number of people were puzzled by this story. Medical men were called in and conducted examinations with the severest gravity, secretly just as puzzled as the newspaper readers. Two things happened: they concurred in naming the infant Liza Jane — for no reason very apparent — and Liza Jane was removed to a hospital, for further observation and to await events. The next day three elderly gentlemen in the hospital were found dead, and Liza Jane had blood on her mouth.

But very little was printed about this affair: its implications were held too queer for general reading. Neither was anything done, for obvious reasons.

Liza Jane grew with a rapidity as strange as anything else in the case. Within six or seven weeks it was dangerous for a nurse alone to feed her, and it became a custom for two men attendants to be in her room at the feeding hours. She had little fondness for the milk they gave her, seeming to take it, and not much of it, more for the sake of peace than sustenance. It was said by patients leaving the hospital during these weeks that almost every night they heard screams, and some were mothers who told bitter tales of mysterious illnesses which carried off their children. They were not even allowed to see the bodies.

Yet there was always a guard outside Liza Jane's door.

The thing went on, gathering momentum. Inexplicable deaths in the press each morning gave pause to readers, filled them with uneasiness. The deaths were no longer confined to the hospital, but in common talk they still were linked with the name of Liza Jane. A mediæval kind of fear enveloped the city.

Then, suddenly, the authorities felt impelled to do something. They came together, argued and decided on the fundamentally sound plan of denying everything. Almost in unison, the head of the hospital, the commissioner of police and the mayor gave forth statements denying the existence of any one like "Bloody Liza," as she was called, or of any particularly mysterious circumstances in the deaths that continued to happen. They were the only ones at all pleased by their statements.

I went one day to the hospital, thinking to see for myself this strange being, and through a friend on the staff was able to do so. Liza Jane was inert in her crib, only her eyes moving. These followed me with an unremitting hostility. She was somewhere between two and three months old, according to the most careful estimate, yet already she was as large as a normal three-year-old. I had one impulse to which I succumbed, with distinct trepidation. This was to tickle her foot, to see whether her reaction would be that of an ordinary baby: a curling of toes around my finger. It was, but with this difference, that her toes had the vigor of a strong man's handclasp. To extricate my finger I needed all my strength, and the sweat was

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standing out on my forehead before I succeeded. She smiled wickedly, but made no sound.

It was a curious fact that the deaths were progressive not only in number, but also in station. At first the infirm, aged and poor only were victims, but as time went on, strong men and women, of position, were included in the mounting list. There must have been others beside myself who were appalled at the thought of Liza Jane's growing up. Though to most, of course, the whole idea was incredible.

I have already said that there was no *corpus delicti*. Clearly, the crime lay in the birth of Liza Jane. And, naturally, much of the effort expended on the case by numerous official and unofficial investigators was in the direction of finding her parents. But there was little to work on and the parents evidently enough had reason not to come forward. Or they may have had some strange reason. At any rate, even now there are men and women poking about in odd places vainly seeking a clue.

Nearly eighteen months after her discovery, Liza Jane walked out of the hospital — or climbed out, or flew out. No one knows quite how. She disappeared. A great hue and cry was raised and rumors cropped up that she had been seen here and there all over the land. Everywhere little children were looked on with dire suspicion. But none of the rumors was fully confirmed and the impression in informed circles was that they were simply the usual hysteria. However, the deaths became immediately still more numerous, and the mystery surrounding them deeper than ever. Police were helpless, knowing nothing for certain. The tenuous menace struck in the same night at places so far apart that the imagination balked at conceiving its methods. Nevertheless, the police did finally hit on a scheme which, in its own way, had admirable success.

Each case that came up, having the look of what some of us still call Liza Jane's work, was treated to so thorough a circummuring with obscurities that it was impossible for the reading public to decipher. Details were glossed over, hints made at unconfirmable motives, red herrings laid across the trails. Most important, the name of Liza Jane was avoided as the plague. The newspapers fell in with the scheme, of course, or it would not have been possible.

Its effect was the same as of an execution, except on the victims, who could hardly make any objection, anyway.

This is all, and a peculiar ending for a mystery story, I must admit, but allegories are out of fashion. And, too, I might have trouble justifying the feminine gender, though Liza's lack of logic and her complete unwillingness to submit to male reason seem sufficient to me.

W. A. D.

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Strictly Business

By Phelps Haviland Adams

The Hoover moratorium: where it really stands in the history of these War debts

For more than a decade, America's policy on foreign debts has been purely a matter of morals and law. The simple creed which has guided this Government in the solution of all problems arising out of these debts has been founded solely upon the moral obligation of European nations to pay and the legal right of America to demand payment. From the start it has been a strictly business proposition.

That venerable policy exists no longer. To say that it had been ruthlessly discarded during the past three months would not be exactly accurate, for its soul and its essence remain and America will continue to deal with her debtors on a strictly business basis. Its substance, however, is gone, for today America stands ready to ignore such things as moral obligations and to forego the law which governs in a court of equity.

Her new creed is the law of economics; her policy, to judge all problems wisely and in strict accordance with sound business principles.

Such a policy is flexible. It establishes no bulwark against revision of the debt settlements at some future time; it does not even draw the line at cancelation; yet it stands as no menace to the taxpayer. It simply means that if America's neighbors must be prosperous in order that America can thrive, and if, to insure that prosperity, some liberalization of the terms of the debt settlement must be arranged, the interests of the taxpayer demand that such a liberalization be arranged. It is purely a matter of dollars and sense.

It does not differ in its object in any respect from the outworn precedent which it replaces. It provides simply a new means of attaining that object. Nevertheless, it will be regarded with intense suspicion in many parts of the country, and it is destined to become the subject of bitter debate when Congress reconvenes in December to bring the Hoover plan for a one-year moratorium of inter-ally debt and reparations payments into legal existence.

Already it is charged that the President's proposal, which marks the birth of this new policy, is merely a conspiracy on the part of internationalists to burden the American taxpayer with the cost of the

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war; yet, in reality, the change from the old order to the new is not a recent and sudden development. It has been brought about by a subtle succession of steps. The Hoover plan did not affect that change — it simply called attention to it.

THE circumstances which have led to the formulation of the new American policy date back to that dramatic day in April, 1917, when Congress passed the First Liberty Loan Act. War had only recently been declared. Men were being mobilized. Europe needed munitions and food. America needed guns, ships, and the whole specialized mass of machinery which a nation at war must use. The primary need of both the Allies and America, however, was money. President Wilson had called upon Congress to provide it, and Congress was preparing to do so.

Opinion in Congress was sharply divided as to whether the advances to France should take the form of a loan or of an outright gift.

There was of course at that time a widespread and deep feeling of sympathy for France. Moreover, it was recalled that during the Revolutionary War France had made gifts to the Colonies amounting to some two million dollars. It was also argued that France had lent the Colonies some six million dollars on which she asked no interest, and on which no interest was paid. This last statement was not true, for with the exception of certain remissions of interest included in the two million dollar gift, the loans were fully and finally repaid in 1815 with interest calculated at four and five per cent.

Prepared to bolster their cause with these arguments, however, the philanthropists in Congress were on the point of introducing a resolution under which all necessary funds were to be given to France outright. The move was spiked by the French Premier himself, M. Ribot, who, hearing of the contemplated resolution, called upon the American Ambassador and pointed out that such a move would be extremely embarrassing to France "however much his countrymen might appreciate the sentiment of good-will which would prompt it."

That ended all talk of a gift, and the resolution was not introduced. Congress turned its attention to the work of drafting the terms upon which loans to the Allied Governments might be made, and the first Liberty Loan Act was the result. That Act provided that the United States Government should sell five billion dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds to the public, and with three billions of the money thus raised buy the bonds of the Allied Governments.

THE principle underlying the whole transaction was that the loans to Europe were to be self-supporting, and should never be a burden upon the American taxpayer. To this end the Act itself provided that any foreign bonds bought by the Government with the money raised under the Liberty Loan Act were to bear the same rate of interest as the Liberty Bonds themselves and that the foreign bonds should mature at the same time the Liberty Bonds were due to be retired. In this way, the interest collected from the Allied Nations on the three billions loaned to them would exactly meet the interest

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payments on three billion dollars' worth of the Liberty Bonds, and when the principal was finally paid, it would serve exactly to retire these Liberty Bonds.

THIS was the form in which the Act was passed — although some of the members of Congress who voted for it had great misgivings as to the wisdom of such a policy. One of these men, the late Senator Cummings of Iowa, in the course of the debate in the Senate demonstrated an amazing gift for prophecy when he said:

"I am perfectly willing to give to any of the Allied Nations the money which they need to carry on our war, for it is now ours. I would give to them just as freely as I would vote to keep an Army or to maintain a Navy of our own, but I should shrink from the consequences that will in all human probability follow from the course which is suggested in this bill. I should like to give the Allied Nations three billion dollars, if they need the contribution, with never a thought of its repayment at any time under any circumstances. I should like to give that or whatever sum may be needed as our donation to one phase of our own war, but I fear that in the years to come the fact that the United States has in its possession bonds of these great countries which, when they emerge from the War, will all be bankrupt, will create an embarrassment from which the men of these days will find it difficult to escape.

"I think it will cost us more to take those bonds and hold them against these Governments than it would cost us to give the money with a generous and patriotic spirit to do something which for the time being — for the moment — we are unable to do with our own Army and Navy."

In spite of such doubts as these, the First Liberty Loan Act was passed, quickly followed by the second, third and fourth, and the American Government was set up in the money-lending business.

Loans were made to the Allied Nations solely for the purpose of financing their expenditures within the United States. Thus, instead of transferring any actual sums of money to the foreign Governments, the United States Treasury simply established credits against which the foreign Governments could draw.

In this way, if Great Britain needed munitions, she could order them from American manufacturers, and the United States Treasury paid for them. If France needed food and supplies for its civilian population, she ordered them from American producers, and the American Treasury again footed the bill.

EACH country was held strictly accountable for the supplies she actually used, and if Great Britain bought munitions on credit here, and later transferred them to the French, the cost of those munitions was charged against the French Government and became a part of the French debt instead of the British.

In none of these transactions did the United States ever deal with the Allied Nations collectively. Each loan was an individual matter between the United States and the particular foreign nation involved, and each foreign nation signed de-

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mand notes for the amounts representing the actual cost to the United States Treasury of the goods and services it had purchased on credit in the United States.

It was calculated that on an average the interest which the United States was paying at the time, coupled with the cost of handling the loans, amounted to about five per cent. Therefore the demand notes signed by the foreign Governments provided for the payment of five per cent interest.

In all, the Treasury lent, in this manner, nearly eleven billion dollars to the Allied Nations. Not all of this, however, went for munitions and food supplies. Some of it was used to pay the interest on loans which the Allied Nations had obtained from private banking agencies in this country. Hundreds of millions of dollars of it were used to "peg" the British and French exchange at artificial levels. In these times it was essential that the British and the French should be able to buy as much as possible with the money they had at hand, and the stabilization of the pound sterling and of the French franc was thought absolutely necessary even though it cost the United States Government — and American importers — additional hundreds of millions when they came to purchase francs and pounds with which to pay for the goods and services they bought abroad during this period.

DURING the balance of the entire War period the notes signed by the debtor governments were forgotten. No interest was paid on them, and the American Treasury did not press for any payment of that interest. It was assumed on all sides, that when the War was over arrangements for paying them off would be speedily made.

Not until the representatives of the nations involved in the War met at Versailles to negotiate a treaty of peace did the embarrassing circumstances foreseen by Senator Cummings actually materialize.

IT WAS at Versailles that the British and French Governments first proposed the calling of a general conference of the Allied Nations and the United States to discuss the whole intricate maze of the inter-ally debt structure, with a view to the possible pooling of all debts, and in the hope of effecting either complete cancelation, or of substituting Germany as the debtor nation in each of the existing debt agreements.

President Wilson immediately and emphatically refused to agree to this proposal, and in refusing he reduced to exact terms the broad general debt policy established by Congress at the time the Liberty Loan Acts were passed.

In the first place, he refused to consider participation in any general conference on the subject of debt. The debts, he pointed out, were contracted separately and individually by each of the Allied Nations and the terms governing their payment should be reached in the same separate and individual manner.

The idea of substituting Germany as the debtor nation in each case, he vetoed equally promptly. He insisted that the United States was not an Ally but an Associated Power. The difference between these terms may seem vague in fact, but in law

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it is extremely clear. America alone, he pointed out, had neither asked nor received any benefit from the War. It had not sought nor obtained any reparations from Germany. It had not desired any additional territory, nor had it acquired such territory. The debts contracted by the Allies, he insisted therefore, were obligations resting squarely upon the Allies themselves and had no relation whatever to the matter of reparations.

LASTLY he made it unmistakably clear that the United States would not entertain any suggestion of canceling the obligations. In this connection it was pointed out that America was the only nation to emerge from the War without having contracted debts abroad. While other nations had made purchases on credit, the United States had spent billions of dollars in cash for goods and services which it purchased abroad during the War. It had spent two billions in France alone. Experts, computing the cost of the War reached the conclusion that during the short time America was at war, she had paid (in terms of the pre-war purchasing power of the dollar) nearly twice as much as France. Like the Allied Nations, she had borrowed the money she spent, but whereas the Allies had borrowed the money abroad, America had borrowed it from her own people.

Cancelation, under these circumstances, would simply mean that the Allies would be relieved of a major part of their debt burden. America would be relieved of none, for she would still be required to pay off the Liberty Bond holders in full. To be more exact, the Liberty Bond holders themselves, as taxpayers, would be forced to pay into the Treasury the sum necessary to redeem the bonds as they matured.

Completely fair, and entirely just as this statement of policy was, it was neither understood nor appreciated abroad. The well-known caricature of Uncle Sam immediately acquired a hooked nose and a derby hat and became Uncle Shylock. The American slogan, as it appeared to the foreign nations, was: "Pay America first!"

Nothing of course could have been more unfair and more unjustifiable than the charge that America was demanding her pound of flesh. The money was lent to the Allies at rates of interest lower than any which could have been obtained in other quarters. America asked not one cent of profit on these loans, and desired only that she be not called upon to stand a loss. She had provided the money at cost at a time when the Allied Nations could not have raised such staggering amounts from their own impoverished people, and the billions of dollars which she mobilized within two weeks after war was declared saved the lives of thousands of the Allied soldiers in the front line trenches.

FACED with the necessity of repaying these loans, however, the Allied Nations found themselves, as had been predicted, almost bankrupt. Europe's budgets were not balanced. Some of the countries had no way of knowing how much — if any — money would be in their treasuries a month hence, and none of the countries were able to plan their finances

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far enough in the future to be able to fix any set scale in accordance with which their debts to America might be discharged.

To add to their difficulties, their exchange was falling rapidly. The pound sterling had sunk to two-thirds its former value when calculated on a dollar basis. The French franc had tumbled to unprecedented depths, but was destined to go still lower. The German mark fell to the point where it was worth more as scrap paper than as money, and in other European countries the situation was much the same.

In Hungary at that time, the krone — once worth twenty cents — was selling at the rate of 70,000 to the dollar. An American entering a bank there to change a twenty-dollar bill into the coin of the realm, emerged a millionaire. If, elated by this new experience, he dropped casually into a moderately good restaurant and ordered a dinner accompanied by suitable libations, the check, when he got it, looked something like the daily balance sheet of the United States Treasury. If, furthermore, he departed leaving behind him only a quarter-million kronen in payment, he certainly could not have done right by the waiter.

UNDER such circumstances no government could keep an effective budget, let alone plan a definite scale of payments on its foreign debts. So the debts were forgotten, while Europe attempted to set its house in order.

Before this could be done, two things were necessary. First, to stabilize the exchange by restoring it to a gold basis, and, second, to fix a scale of reparations payments so that each of the Allied Nations might plan on receiving a stated amount each year from Germany.

In spite of the fact that President Wilson had denied that America was concerned in any way with these problems, the United States moved through unofficial and non-governmental channels to aid in the work of restoration. It not only aided in the restoration of the gold standard abroad, but through the Dawes Commission helped to establish a definite scale for reparations payments, which in turn made possible the balancing of European budgets.

IN 1922 the British Government, anxious to stand again on a gold basis, took its first step towards settling its debt with the United States. In the famous "Balfour Note," the wording of which aroused such antagonism in this country, Great Britain reiterated her willingness to forego all reparations payments from Germany and all claims to repayment by the Allies, provided such concessions on her part were included in a general cancelation scheme. She added, in effect, that since it was obvious that the United States would not consent to such a proposal, Great Britain was prepared to repay her debt to America, but in order to do so would be forced to demand payment from her own debtors.

"In no circumstances," said one paragraph of the note, "do we propose to ask more from our debtors than is necessary to pay to our creditors. And, while we do not ask for more, all will admit that we can hardly be content with less. . . ."

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Early in the course of that same year Congress, at the request of President Harding, had created the World War Foreign Debt Commission, which was empowered within the limits of the original American debt policy to negotiate settlements.

The following year a British mission came to Washington to negotiate with the American Foreign Debt Commission the terms of an agreement under which Great Britain could begin funding her obligations to America.

THAT agreement marked America's first departure from the original policy established by Congress. Briefly, the terms of the settlement were as follows: Great Britain was to repay in full the amount lent to her by the United States, plus the interest which was due and unpaid at that time. This interest was calculated at 4¼ per cent, instead of at 5 per cent as stated in the demand notes which the British Government had signed. The total amount due the United States was thus found to be $4,600,000,000. This amount was to be paid off over a period of sixty-two years in annual instalments ranging from a minimum of $23,000,000 the first year to a maximum of $175,000,000 in the sixty-second year.

In addition to these payments, the British Government was to pay interest in semi-annual instalments on this total of $4,600,000,000, at the rate of 3 per cent annually for the first ten years and 3½ per cent thereafter.

These rates were agreed upon as representing "the approximate normal rates of interest payable by strong governments over long terms of years."

This agreement with Great Britain, however, lay outside the authority of the Foreign Debt Commission to execute, and Congress was called upon to give its special approval to the arrangement. The terms of the settlement did not fall within the settled policy of Congress in the matter, in that they did not call for complete repayment of principal prior to the date of maturity of the Liberty Bonds outstanding, nor did they call for the payment of a rate of interest as high as that carried by the Liberty Bonds.

Nevertheless, Congress approved the terms of the settlement, and thereby took its first step towards liberalizing the policy of the United States in the matter.

Similar agreements in approximately the same terms were then reached between the United States and Czechoslovakia, Esthonia, Finland, Hungary, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Rumania, and Jugoslavia respectively.

NEGOTIATIONS with Belgium, France and Italy were retarded by special circumstances involved — circumstances which required a further liberalization of American debt policy. America finally began to exert pressure upon these three countries to force a settlement, and eventually, agreements patterned after the British-American settlement, but much more liberal in their terms, were reached.

Even today there are thousands of Americans who pride themselves on the "generosity" which the United States displayed towards these three

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countries in effecting a settlement, but it is difficult to see any evidence of generosity on either side anywhere in the negotiations.

In fact, America has at no time been generous in the slightest degree with any of the Allied debtors, and any belief which patriots may harbor to the contrary is just as unfounded as is the belief of her debtors that she has been avaricious.

In every instance, America's debtors — including even Belgium — have been required to pay, and are now paying, the full amount originally lent to them. The only concessions which the United States has granted have been in the matter of interest, and these concessions have been based strictly upon the debtor nation's "capacity to pay."

In other words, when it was discovered that these three countries could not pay the full amount of their debts with interest, the United States examined their financial condition, decided what they could pay, and fixed the interest rate accordingly.

THE Debt Funding Commission itself explained this standard of "capacity to pay" as follows:

"While the integrity of international obligations must be maintained, it is axiomatic that no nation can be required to pay to another government, sums in excess of its capacity to pay. The Commission in its settlement with Great Britain, made on June 19, 1923, and in subsequent negotiations or settlements has adhered to the principle that the adjustments made with each Government must be measured by the ability of the particular Government to put aside and transfer to United States the payments called for under the funding agreement.

"Nor does the principle of capacity to pay require the foreign debtor to pay to the full limit of his present or future capacity. It must be permitted to preserve and improve its economic position, to bring its budget into balance and to place its finances and currency on a sound basis, and to maintain, and if possible to improve the standard of living of its citizens. No settlement which is oppressive and retards the recovery and development of the foreign debtor is to the best interest of the United States or of Europe."

IN OTHER words, the principle underlying the American standard for measuring the "capacity to pay" was much the same as the general principle which prevails in any bankruptcy proceeding, and there was no essential difference in principle between the treatment accorded these three debtor nations by American Government and the treatment which any other insolvent debtor would receive at the hands of an American court of law.

In spite of the application of the standard of "capacity to pay" however, the Debt Funding Commission came to the conclusion that all three of these countries were able to repay the principal amount of their loans in full, and payment in full was accordingly demanded over a period of sixty-two years.

Considerable reductions were allowed, however, in the rates of interest to be paid by the debtor nations over this period.

In the case of Belgium, the loan

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was divided into two parts — one comprising as much of the debt as had been incurred prior to the Armistice, and the other consisting of the loans made after the Armistice for reconstruction and relief purposes. No interest whatever was charged on the pre-armistice debt, amounting to about two-fifths of Belgium's entire obligation of $417,780,000. On the post-armistice debt, however, interest was charged at the same rates paid by Great Britain.

Italy secured much better terms, but her debt was much larger, amounting to more than $2,000,000,000. On the entire amount over all the sixty-two years she will pay an average of .4 per cent as contrasted to Belgium's average of 1.8 per cent.

France, whose debt is twice as large as Italy's, pays no interest during the first five years, after which an interest charge beginning at 1 per cent and rising gradually to 3½ per cent in the fortieth year is levied against her.

In negotiating the agreement with the French the United States, let it be noted, continued to refuse to see any connection between debt payments and reparations, and declined flatly to include in the terms of the settlement the proviso which France wished to insert and which would have made payments to America directly contingent upon the receipt of payments from Germany.

THUS the American debt policy voiced by Woodrow Wilson held up fairly well throughout the negotiations. America had staunchly refused to participate in any general conference on the subject of debts, she had treated each debtor separately and individually, and she had steadfastly maintained her attitude of indifference towards the question of reparations. On one point only had she yielded: by admitting into the structure of her policy the standard of "capacity to pay," she had permitted what might be considered as a partial cancelation of the debt.

In spite of the remissions of interest which she allowed, however, she had made settlements under which the Allied Nations, who had borrowed $11,000,000,000 during the war, were to repay a total of $22,000,000,000.

THERE were, it is true, slight indications that she was beginning to consider the economic factors of the situation in a vague and general way, for when Secretary Mellon appeared before a Congressional committee in defense of the terms of the Italian debt settlement he said:

"The settlements are made in the real interests of those American producers who must have a foreign market able to buy. The American producer needs these debt settlements. The entire foreign debt is not worth as much to the American people in dollars and cents as a prosperous Europe as a customer."

Those few words from Secretary Mellon summed up exactly the whole basis upon which America's new policy is being built today, yet the old Wilsonian policy might have continued in force indefinitely had it not been for the fact that America's European debtors, determined to substitute Germany as a debtor nation, turned to that defeated nation immediately to supply in the form of reparations the sums necessary to meet the instalments due America.

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Back in Washington the officials of the Government began to realize that in spite of their well-founded theory to the contrary, a very real connection between debts and reparations existed in fact. Privately they watched the negotiations leading to the Young Plan, like hawks, through the medium of "unofficial observers." Publicly they disdained to become a party to the agreement, and America has never signed it. In the light of recent events it appears that it might have been better had America taken an active part in the drafting of that plan. The hands of her officials were bound tightly however by the dictates of political expediency, for public opinion in America stood ready to deal relentlessly with any of its servants who took a single step which might involve this nation in entangling alliances abroad.

So long as the commission of experts was headed by American Business in the person of Owen D. Young, however, it struggled along admirably without the benefit of the official participation of the American Government.

Its task, from the beginning, was a difficult one. The Dawes Plan had been a temporary, makeshift thing designed in haste to meet an emergency. It had therefore avoided most of the highly controversial points in the reparations question.

The Dawes Committee had made no attempt to fix the total amount of the reparations which Germany must pay, nor did it establish any limited number of years over which payments should be made. It had simply attempted to determine the maximum amount which Germany, under normal conditions would be able to pay each year for an indefinite number of years, and to exact from Germany precisely that amount.

To the Young Commission fell the difficult and unpleasant task of fixing a total of the amount to be collected, and of placing a definite limit upon the number of years over which this total was to be paid by Germany. The result was disappointing to France for France had expected more, and it was disheartening to Germany for Germany had hoped for less.

In the end, the figure, as fixed, represented not so much what Germany was able to pay, as what the Allied Nations needed to repay their loans to America and to reconstruct their devastated areas.

In this connection it is interesting to note that Germany's reparations payments, under the Young scheme, cease coincidentally with the cessation of payments on the Allied debts, and that, under the terms of a separate memorandum executed at the same time the Young Plan was signed, the Allied Nations agreed that should the inter-ally debt ever be scaled down, two-thirds of the reductions thus allowed would be passed along to Germany in the form of remissions of reparations. It should also be noted that of the total of $26,000,000,000 which Germany must pay to the Allied Nations, $20,000,000,000 will come to the United States in satisfaction of the Allied debt.

Here, then, lay the vulnerable spot in the American foreign debt policy. America had carefully considered the capacity of each of the individual

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debtor nations to pay, but now it developed that it was not the debtor nations who were going to do the paying. Germany was selected to discharge the Allied debt, and America had never considered Germany's capacity to pay. To make matters worse, Germany, the keystone of the whole debt structure, was not faring so well.

So intricate and complex were the problems before the Young Commission, so great was the difference in the points of view of the nations represented there, so intense were the disagreements which occurred, at times, between the representatives of these nations, and so uncertain was the business world at large as to what the outcome of the conference might be, that German credit abroad was seriously impaired and German finances, as well as German industries, began to suffer greatly.

In spite of the fact that the rest of the world was enjoying the unprecedented prosperity which had followed the settlements of the interally debt, and the balancing of European budgets, Germany fell into a period of intense depression. Whether she pulled the rest of the world down into the quagmire with her, it is impossible to say. The fact remains, however, that the business of the rest of the world began to fall into a rapid decline within the next few months.

The words of Secretary Mellon about a prosperous Europe as a customer began to take on a new significance; Treasury officials began to realize that an American debt policy which did not take the laws of economics into account was hopelessly insufficient; and the officials of the Department of Commerce began to delve avidly into the subject of international trade balances.

To trace the slow and inevitable steps by which Germany was brought to the verge of complete collapse, or to point to the terrific political and economic unrest which threatened to lead either to another war or to absolute bankruptcy for all the European nations would be futile. These facts have been blazoned on the front pages of the metropolitan press for months.

Suffice it to say that President Hoover — whose long association with the whole debt-settlement problem had made him an undisputed authority on the subject — was brought to the realization that immediate action was necessary.

At the same time an entirely new and hitherto undreamed-of factor was puzzling officials of the Treasury Department and was demanding place in the fixed policy of America on the debt question. That factor was America's "capacity to receive."

For the first time the Treasury discovered that there were very definite limits to the capacity of the United States to receive the money which poured in from abroad semi-annually. Uncle Sam found himself in much the same predicament which confronted King Midas when his most cherished desire, the golden touch, was conferred upon him.

Billions of dollars' worth of the precious metal was lying in dark vaults, guarded at heavy expense, and serving no useful purpose. Had the occasion arisen, the Treasury

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could have redeemed in gold every piece of currency outstanding in the United States, and there would still have been gold left in the vaults. Such was not the case in Europe, however.

The accretion of gold in the United States had drained Europe of the substance upon which its financial stability thrived. The nations who had struggled so persistently after the War to regain the gold standard no longer had sufficient gold to back their currency. The value of their money rested entirely upon confidence in the government, and confidence, the world over, was at a low ebb.

EFFORTS were made to get some of this gold back into Europe. As an inducement, the Federal Reserve Board lowered the rediscount rate to 1½ per cent, but in spite of everything that could be done, the month of June saw $150,000,000 worth of gold pass from Europe into the United States Treasury. That was nearly 240 tons of gold, and American officials felt the weight of every ton directly on their shoulders. The world-wide depression itself prevented America from getting this gold back into Europe.

In the years immediately following the debt settlement agreements things had been different, and the money which Europe had paid went back to Europe again. American tourists alone spent in their travels three times the amount of the total Allied debt annuities. America imported large quantities of raw materials and manufactured goods, and the money she paid for these replenished Europe's coffers. Immigrants flocked to New York in vast numbers, found jobs, and sent millions of dollars to the folks back home in the Old Country. Foreign ships carried goods and passengers from America to all parts of the world, and the money America paid for these services also went to swell the finances of Europe.

The coming of depression changed all this. The number of American tourists dropped to a scattered few, who spent their money cautiously. Congress enacted a new tariff law vastly increasing the rates of duty, and closing American ports to many things which Europe once sold here. Immigrants were shut out by impregnable walls, and many of those who had succeeded in gaining entrance found themselves without jobs or in such impoverished circumstances that they were unable to send money back home. American exports fell off sharply and the service of foreign ships was no longer in great demand.

To make matters worse, the vast American investments abroad continued to earn interest and dividends, thereby proving a further drain on Europe's financial resources. Money poured out of Europe and into America at a tremendous rate. Inflation of European currency with a resultant collapse as catastrophic as that which had followed the War seemed inevitable.

PRESIDENT HOOVER found himself faced with two problems: first the economic salvation of Germany — and, through Germany, of Europe — and second the prevention of further accretion of gold in the United States.

There may be a number of ade-

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quate solutions to these problems, but there is only one which is immediately apparent, and that is the scaling down of the debts to a point consistent with trade balances, so that the dollars which America sends to Europe in payment for goods and services, can be returned by Europe in satisfaction of the debt. Eliminating the monetary factor from this equation, it will be seen that Europe would then be paying her debt to America in goods and services. It is difficult to see how Europe, without money, could pay her debt in any other way.

As an alternative to this proposition, the only solution would be for America to increase the European end of the trade balance to a point sufficient to enable Europe to meet the present scale of debt payments. To do this, however, would mean to lower or abolish the protective tariff, thereby jeopardizing American industry, to open the doors again to the immigrant, thereby destroying the standard of living of the American workman, to subsidize foreign shipping to the detriment of American capital invested on the seas, or to banish large numbers of American citizens for long periods of time in order to force them to spend money abroad.

Under the circumstances it is not surprising that President Hoover should turn first to the idea of a re-examination of the capacity of the European nations to pay, with a resultant scaling down of the debt. This plan had only one fault. It was politically impossible, for it seemed that American public opinion would never tolerate such a move.

President Hoover therefore decided to do the next best thing, namely, to postpone all debt payments for one year. For a year at least this would amount to complete cancelation and would give all the material benefit which might be derived from such cancelation. It lacked psychological force because it only worked to increase the burden which Europe must bear in future years, and gave no promise of a permanent solution.

Of primary importance, however, was the fact that it gave Europe *hope*.

The expression of that hope took various forms. In England it meant hope of ultimate cancelation, and the Hoover plan was at once hailed by Lloyd George and others as the first step in that direction. In Germany it meant the hope of finding a way out of the darkness and the courage to go on. In America it raised the hope of enticing a banished prosperity to return, though in many quarters it aroused fear that the nose of the cancelation camel had been allowed to enter the tent.

The most amazing result of the plan, however, was the widespread expression of approval which it drew from the American public and press at large. The launching of that plan had been, without doubt, the most courageous act of the President's entire career, for he had risked open repudiation by the American public. Yet — to his own surprise — his act instead of bringing forth condemnation, elicited warm praise.

The public opinion of America had changed. The man in the street had begun to understand the hitherto

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hidden factors in the debt situation.

The Hoover plan may fail of its immediate purpose. The world may not respond by leaping to sudden affluence. Yet it has definitely cleared the path to a permanent settlement of the debt problem along reasonable and logical lines such as those which first presented themselves to the mind of the President.

The plan has broken down two of the basic tenets of the old Wilsonian policy, for immediately after it was launched America engaged in official diplomatic discussions of the reparations question with members of the French cabinet. Later she participated in a general conference to consider the subject of debt postponement. It will therefore be difficult for any American Administration in the future to continue to insist that the subject of the inter-ally debts is not one in which all the Allied Nations have a mutual and collective interest, or that it is not a matter intricately tied up with the whole question of reparations.

So the old order has passed, and a new one is in the process of establishment. In view of the new factors which demand consideration, it is doubtful if America can escape the day when her representatives will sit at a general conference of all the countries involved, and discuss with them the possibility of scaling down these debts in accordance with the capacity of Germany and the Allied Nations to pay, and in proportion to America's capacity to receive. If at that conference it is discovered that American industry and business will be benefited financially from a partial reduction of the debts, it is impossible to conceive an American policy which would prohibit a downward debt revision to be carried to the exact point at which American business through the economic rehabilitation of Europe would be most benefited.

When that day comes, fools may say, "America is generous," and politicians will cry out against this "violent change in policy which undermines established precedent." Yet other men will know that the Great American Doctrine of "Strictly Business" has prevailed and that no policy which violates that doctrine ever can survive in these United States.

Such a doctrine leaves no room for generosity — but it *is* extremely practical!

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Our Still Dubious Foreign Policy

By Lewis Einstein

While our Government's views on debts become apparent, other vital matters still are in the dark

In his address on Armistice Day last year, President Hoover declared that "the outlook for peace is happier than for half a century." Six and a half million Hitlerites in Germany had just voted for a programme bred by misery and which, if carried out, can only end in war; and four million German Communists had voted for upheaval. Mussolini had repeated his speech of last spring: "Words are beautiful, rifles and cannon are still better," and openly professed his belief in war within the next few years. Soviet Russia remained an outlaw State, planning to bring about World Revolution. Austria was overawed by armed bands and Hungary continued truculent and revengeful. Spain was in the throes of a dangerous crisis; France, Poland and the Little Entente were arming, not without cause, suspicious of their neighbors. Outside Europe, South America had been swept by a wave of revolution, India stirred by dangerous unrest, and in China civil war continued!

It has been said that the only lesson of history is that no nation will profit by it. Today the world is out of joint. If the events which led up to August, 1914, should tomorrow be repeated, as many now believe, we would be found quite as unprepared as we were then. Until Mr. Hoover's proposal of June 20th it could be said that the greatest nation in the world continues in a self-centred isolation blind in vision, shortsighted in purpose and choked in expression. Those who see beyond the immediate needs of the moment can not view the future without grave concern.

Lean years have come suddenly upon the American people. We have hardly begun to associate these with universal depression, connect ultimate recovery with that of other nations, or realize that there can be no permanent line of prosperity separating the United States from the rest of the world. Foreign trade may be only one-tenth of the volume of our commerce but the last tenth is also the most important. Even from a selfish point of view we can not remain indifferent to the growing deterioration of conditions in Europe. Economic causes press on political, and unrest saps confidence and stops enterprise. The militant

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nationalism wracking the defeated states of Europe has not yet reached its head. Its strength is derived by the irresponsible promise of being able to relieve present burdens even by future conflict.

THE average American reads news from abroad without associating this with himself. He is unaware that the question whether Europe is to have peace or war may be decided by our action or inaction during the next few years and that we may pay dearly for our want of foresight. We are building a merchant marine, trying to increase our exports and foreign investments, and remaining blind to the consequences of economic expansion. If American business interests in Europe are unfairly treated, the Administration is expected to defend them. If war breaks out this protection will call for more than words. Even without war we may find that the future basis of European unity will be reached by a common front erected against us.

The problem lies in searching for a policy which, while acceptable to the American people, will allow us to exercise an effective influence for peace, and a means of coöperation with other nations, though we have made this more difficult than it need have been by our careless neglect of advantages enjoyed.

When some future Gibbon writes the recent history of the United States he will hardly know whether to be more amazed by the magnitude of American effort in the Great War or the wastage of benefits which victory lavished so bountifully in our favor. An inability to understand our interests beyond their immediate horizon, a timorousness of responsibility, a neglect of diplomacy and an absence of leadership, had caused us to fritter away in recent years the unparalleled ascendancy America had until then enjoyed in Europe.

In spite of some vague occasional pronouncements, we demonstrated that our principal foreign policy was that we had none. Before the Hoover Plan brought a new hope to the world, we offered the paradox of a people advancing and a government simultaneously receding in international esteem. The reason for both impressions has been the same. At a time of achievement by the American people our foreign policy sank undistinguished into negativeness and offered little beyond a doubtful gesture and the pressure to secure, save from Great Britain, more the semblance than the reality of debt recovery.

A QUALIFIED belief in disarmament subject to reservations, a qualified belief in arbitration, subject to further reservations, and a qualified desire to adhere to the World Court offers a meagre programme of international expression for the United States. Beyond current platitudes of peace and good-will, beyond a predilection for forms of legal remedy which we are only ready to accept for questions of secondary interest, beyond pushing our dwindling exports on an impoverished Europe, what more has been our recent foreign policy?

This negativeness of attitude has led to an odd divergence between our official and non-official conduct. Not a few American citizens have lent their aid to carry out important duties in which as a nation, since the

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Dawes Commission met, we disclaimed taking any interest. European powers on several occasions have invited our nationals to participate in affairs which properly belonged to the United States but which the Administration had become too timorous to assume. Officially we took no effective part in conferences like that of the Hague and remained content to send there merely an observer. But Elihu Root, Parker Gilbert and Owen Young, Jeremiah Smith in Hungary and Charles Dewey in Poland have performed tasks of which every American should be proud. The success achieved by our citizens in matters of international importance has not always been viewed at Washington with the favor deserved. Yet if the Administration fears risk in the assumption of duties abroad, these will be performed by private American citizens with fewer disadvantages to the work than to our governmental prestige.

THE dread of criticism and the unwillingness to assume any avoidable risk tend to narrow the expression of our foreign policy either to a strict minimum in situations and emergencies which can not be avoided, or to handling only those from which political benefit may be anticipated. Questions arising have been restrained within the narrowest limits and generally reduced to reactions or precautions taken in view of different forms of domestic pressure.

A process of undue restriction unconsciously takes place in an Administration's survey of foreign intercourse. Problems which may not seem of immediate importance are usually left in neglect. Instance of this want of comprehension can be found in the blindness of Washington to the warnings of the Great War. Another Administration was then in power, but almost the only continuity in our policy has been in the similarity of its methods. The self-deception which allows us to justify our want of interest in Europe by our interest in the Western Hemisphere is a poor defense. The Monroe Doctrine which we continue to brandish from time to time is no more exposed to danger today than the multiplication table. Any pretense to the contrary is a mummery intended to catch the applause of the uninformed but which uselessly alarms our so-called sister republics and suggests arguments to foreign nations which can also be brought against us.

WHEN Secretary Stimson declared that our citizens were in Central America at their own risk, he saw only an effect and not the cause of unruly conditions in Nicaragua. His announcement well intentioned but shortsighted may expose the United States Government to the future charge of bad faith in case popular opinion again demands the protection of Americans endangered through no fault of their own. It offers ground for reflection on our statesmanship that so little effort has been made to develop a policy which requires neither the rifles of our marines nor the abandonment of our nationals to violence. The remedy is as little in force as in passive acquiescence but lies in trying to improve the living conditions of our backward neighbors which leave them a prey to revolution.

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The cost of organizing a proper extension of civilizing influences is trifling compared to military occupation. Greater solicitude in raising the economic load of the Nicaraguans and less in organizing the farce of so-called free elections by illiterate Indians would be mutually beneficial in its result.

In his recent address before the Bar Association of New York, John Bassett Moore, former Judge of the World Court, described our policy toward Latin America as one which "provokes resentment and risks disaster" by its meddlesomeness. He characterized as a violation of the laws of neutrality and of international law Secretary Stimson's placing an embargo on munitions to the Brazilian revolutionists only to find these victorious forty-eight hours later. The same eminent jurist on this occasion described our contradictory relations with the Soviet as approaching "the limit of human incoherence." We invited Russia to sign a pact for the renunciation of war while refusing her recognition.

SINCE Mr. Hughes left the State Department it is difficult to point to any important achievement in our international relations. Mr. Kellogg's Peace Treaty flashed like a meteor across the sky, seen by all, praised by many, believed in by few and almost forgotten as soon as discussions over naval limitation began. As a Pact it is subordinated to reservations which deprive it of most of its value except as a gesture. Its warmest supporters have recognized the desirability of implementing a treaty officially proclaimed as forming part of our foreign policy. President Hoover on Armistice Day intimated that eventually there may be "the mobilization of world opinion against those who fail when the strain comes," but this suggestion did not meet with any warm response. The President had in mind a consultative pact but refrained from publicly announcing this. That such a pact would really be advantageous is doubtful. Before the Balkan Wars the Concert of the Great Powers in the Near East, which was much the same thing under another name, had become a byword for inaction. Consultation between governments is always feasible, but to stipulate its binding nature beforehand without being able to assure agreement, is to focus attention on dissensions and emphasize every point of discord. A pact of this nature would provide a target to shoot at and guarantee nothing except talk.

AT THE time of writing it would be premature to judge the effects of the President's plan as the policy which remains to be developed from this is still undivulged. President Hoover, without real risk, could take a step for world peace, the benefits of which would be felt politically and economically and help us regain some of our lost prestige. The fear of war disturbs capital and arrests new undertakings. If this fear can be allayed and we can convince Europe that our wish for peace means something more than words, the first great step will have been taken toward restoring confidence which is at the basis of prosperity.

The President could announce that he would recommend to the Senate holding strictly to account

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any country which, after signing a solemn Pact for the Renunciation of War, refused to live up to its agreement. We may have no direct interest in the affairs of the Old World or in defending Peace Treaties which two million Americans crossed the ocean to secure, but if revision takes place, this should not be brought about through another World War. The President could solemnly affirm that a heavy responsibility will rest on whoever henceforth disturbs the peace of nations and that we are prepared to decide for ourselves who is the aggressor. With the Senate's approval we should take our part in punishing an international crime and the violation of a treaty to which we are a party.

A declaration of this nature threatens no peaceful State and makes for no entanglement. It reaffirms our traditional independence of action and neither shuts the door on coöperation with other nations whose views are similar to ours, nor compels this. It would be a frank statement of policy which should commend itself to the American people, enhance our prestige and arouse a new interest in our international expression.

On the rare occasions when a problem of foreign policy excites public opinion the violence of discussion at home makes up for its frequently secondary importance. Its true significance is distorted while it is examined with a scrutiny which similar questions meet with in no other nation. Foreign countries have joined the International Court merely as a matter of routine; only in the United States has this threatened to become an issue of grave political consequence.

The feeling aroused can hardly be attributed to an excess of popular interest in foreign policy. Other nations are more dependent on the security of their international situation. Yet rarely does a European opposition seriously criticize the government with respect to foreign affairs. This immunity is not due to the negligible powers of other legislative bodies or to a lesser spirit of partisanship. It comes from greater continuity of policy removed from party strife, and from greater confidence entertained in the permanent officials who in Europe conduct diplomacy.

The controversy which raged in the United States around questions like the Naval Treaty was due more to extraneous causes than to its merits. Outwardly one saw only a fundamentalist attitude of opposition based ostensibly on nationalism and suspicion. President Hoover was deservedly successful in beating down this obstruction and the Naval Treaty was paraded as the greatest success of his foreign policy. Mr. Macdonald in England signed the same treaty but claimed no such result and was frank enough to admit that its provisions did not come up to his expectations. Mr. Hoover's success was not over Great Britain, still less was it over Japan or France or Italy. It could therefore only be over certain United States Senators who had opposed the Treaty. The greatest victory in foreign policy claimed by an Administration has been one obtained over refractory members of a coördinate branch of the Government.

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In a joint statement issued on October 9th, 1929, President Hoover and Mr. MacDonald had declared that "such material understandings will be reached as will make naval agreement next January possible and thus remove the serious obstacle to the progress of world disarmament." This "serious obstacle" could not be removed, owing to an even more serious difficulty between France and Italy which in spite of warnings received, had been minimized. The question of naval parity between the two Latin nations, at first more a symptom than a cause, was one of a series of difficulties which might have admitted of compromise. The United States as a nation was equally friendly to France and Italy, for America, unlike Great Britain, possessed neither African nor Mediterranean interests, which were the major points of dispute. Before the Conference met, skilful diplomatic action by a friendly broker could have accomplished a great deal to compose these differences. Mr. Hoover would have been entitled to the gratitude of the world if he had succeeded in bridging over the rift. Under circumstances of less direct interest to America, Roosevelt had brought Russia and Japan together at Portsmouth and persuaded France and Germany to compromise at Algeciras.

BEFORE the conference began negotiations took place between the United States, Great Britain and Japan as the major naval powers. France and Italy were invited to the Conference but not consulted beforehand. The entire procedure handled for America by able lawyers trained to look after vast financial interests, resembled a Wall Street agreement between majority stockholders more than a diplomatic negotiation. When the Conference met, the Franco-Italian controversy had already been brought into sharp relief. With the best intentions we accentuated the rift between two nations equally our friends, whom we first ignored and then embroiled.

The fault for this muddle lies in a system which is the result of politics, and in inexpert handling which is the consequence. The complex questions which form diplomacy are not always treated by us in a diplomatic way.

THE fact is that every administration assumes a personal rather than a continuous view of those questions of external policy which it chooses to elevate. The conduct of our foreign relations becomes in consequence almost artificially separated between the routine of departmental bureaus in which it remains hidden, and the questions which the President brings forward into prominence to become embellished or distorted from the standpoint of individual or partisan advantage.

As soon as opposition to these develops, it is customary for Administration sympathizers to lay the blame on malice, or the Senate's undue jealousy of its constitutional rights. A legislative body may be little adapted to assuming a dispassionate attitude toward foreign policy, but is not always impressed by the enlightened omniscience of an executive.

Constitutionally the President is able to develop his conduct of foreign affairs with the wildest latitude

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until the doorway of the Senate is reached. It can hardly be maintained that some restraint is undesirable or that an uncontrolled executive will always use its powers wisely. President Wilson tried on his own initiative to saddle America with the Armenian Mandate and failed to grasp its terrifying consequences.

After opposition shows its head, strong Presidents like Roosevelt and Wilson have, at times, obtained enough popular approval behind them to carry out their purpose, but a struggle is always latent between the executive and the Senate in which the protagonists may overweight the issue.

The real losers in these fights are the American people. The spectacle of a nation divided over a question of foreign policy which in no other country could become a party issue, the bandying of invective and the atmosphere of hostility aroused, is little elevating either to our own opinion or in the picture we present to the world. Even materially the diminution in prestige reacts to our detriment abroad.

INSTANCES can be cited by which the executive may affect our foreign relations and imperil our friendships, without even the Senate's being able to interfere. Officers charged with the enforcement of Prohibition have, for instance, violated international law and shot Canadian citizens on their own soil. When the Prime Minister of Canada introduced a measure in Parliament to ban the export of liquor to the United States, he asserted that without this he could no longer assume responsibility over foreign affairs. With us one branch of the executive violates the rights of a most friendly neighbor and arouses justifiable indignation without the State Department's being able to prevent this. It could not even stop the Department of Labor from drastically enforcing provisions of the Immigration Law with a harshness certain to arouse feeling abroad.

AFTER complaint is made the State Department attempts to prevent other branches of the Government from committing breaches of international law or explains these away, apologizing when necessary. As an executive adjunct, the Department remains depressed below its proper level of authority, unduly negative under a President who seeks to utilize its higher offices for different purposes than the sole conduct of our foreign policy. For reasons easily understood by all who know the inner workings of its organization the Department enjoys a smaller consideration than the foreign offices abroad.

The State Department is not even in sole charge of our international relations. Lately a subordinate officer in the Treasury issued regulations affecting American trade with Russia. Measures of economic warfare are determined by minor officials in the Treasury or the Department of Agriculture who usurp the authority of the Secretary of State. Consuls, the Tariff Board and Treasury Agents, commercial and agricultural attachés, represent different Government departments abroad, all of whom are concerned with our trade relations in foreign countries, and whose duties inevitably overlap. Of these only Consuls are officers of the State Department. Is this the

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scientific reorganization of the Government of which we have heard so much? Is it really desirable to transact our international affairs through a number of agents whose similar activities confuse foreigners and Americans alike?

THE explanation for this chaos lies in Congress's enacting at different times legislation which created new offices in an uncoördinated manner. Criticism can also be directed at the State Department for being unable to restrain such legislation. Congressmen elected by the people may not be familiar with the intricacies of our representation abroad, but what has the State Department, except when explaining its budgetary requirements, done to maintain with Congress that continuous contact which invites confidence.

This negativeness is also reflected in the character of the Departmental services. So long as the primary consideration governing the choice of our envoys takes more cognizance of their political uses than of their duties, the result opens to doubt the necessity of a diplomatic service and reduces its functions to their most rudimentary expression. Public indifference and general unfamiliarity with the standard or benefits to be expected from diplomacy is responsible for a practice which exists in no other civilized country, of treating diplomatic missions as a hidden subsidy to an Administration. The recent virtual disruption of the first trained service the United States has ever possessed in Europe, and which owed its origin to Roosevelt, was only possible because of this apathy. Mr. Hoover's return to earlier practises of patronage which it was supposed had been discontinued was in contrast to the restraint shown by the Labor Government in England which has filled British Foreign Missions without regard to partisan advantages or campaign contributions.

The indifference of the public to many public questions results in an executive's being restricted where he should be free, and free where he should be restricted. The President is obliged to fight for legislation on which depends his own political future. The cost of these measures and the price of delegates may be paid out of the great public services even when this means the wastage of experience which has taken years to be acquired. This unseemly barter in our human resources is paid for by the people in the frequent negativeness and crudities of our international expression. Its eventual cost must be judged by that of the action which begins when diplomacy ends.

THE undue concentration of powers in a President who can not be a world expert but who is a party chief, is likely to lead to a diplomacy at once amateurish, constipated and unreliable, whenever one Administration reverses what its predecessor has done. Perhaps no President will be ready to divest himself of his apparent responsibility or any shreds of his vast power in order to organize the conduct of foreign policy along more permanent non-partisan lines. At least it is conceivable that if this could be tried, the executive relations with the Senate might also become different. By a paradox, no

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President will obtain full credit for his direction of our foreign relations until able to persuade the country that he seeks to obtain from these no personal advantage. The Senate may only cease to be obstructive when convinced at last that the Executive expects to derive no personal benefit from foreign policy. Possibly along these lines the real compromise of coöperation between President and Senate must be looked for which will restore the prestige of the American Government to its rightful place, and allow us to assert our proper influence for peace.

Dowrie Farms

By Whitelaw Saunders

I shall go back to Dowrie Farms some day;
walking the road where heather and the yellow broom
are one in blossom fire.
There shall I find the rose
still reaching for the thatch
and hear the tumbled chatter of the burn;
but on the hill I shall not see the two old men
who in a friendly muteness cut and laid the peat,
or the lad whose silence is a cry
from poppy fields of France.
In the dusk, when the cuckoo's call
is a lyric sorrow,
shadows will hover about the hearth
and in the turf-flame
new songs will rise while the wind
lifts the ashes of old dreams.

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The Fire Body

By Algernon Blackwood

A Story

Are persons with a definite delusion more numerous, perhaps, than we suppose, persons sane and normal in their reactions to all the stimuli of daily life, yet entirely, even gravely, deluded on some one particular point?

It was my experience with the Fire Body that raised the question in my mind, and so persistently that I began a thorough and careful investigation of my own special field of weakness. Such a search, of course, however honestly undertaken, can only lead to one conclusion, namely, that any genuine delusion, no matter how gross and outstanding, could never seem a delusion to its possessor. To an outsider alone would it appear as such. Yet an outsider who dared point it out would appear to its possessor as himself deluded, speaking therefore without authority, his reward merely a pitying smile. A real cure can only come from the same source as the delusion — from within oneself.

The lady who introduced me to the Fire Body (my own) was as normal, wholesome, charming and cultured as any I have ever met. She discussed Greek sculpture, winter sports, horses, stock market speculation, music and literature as sensibly as she discussed this Fire Body. All these, I mean, lay in the same plane of reality and actuality as the Fire Body. She did not regard a Fire Body as an exceptional or abnormal object of perception, beyond that it was not, certainly, as commonly known as most things. Though difficult of access, it was not supernatural. It was, to her, as literally real as her gain or loss of one-eighth, or her hearing of Holst and Scriabin.

The esoterically learned will forgive a few words of preliminary explanation to clear the ground, so to speak, and make what follows intelligible. My explanation may not be strictly orthodox or accurate, for my acquaintance with this particular branch of lore is scanty. From desultory reading of various queer volumes, however, the vague imaginative surmise lay in me that the elements were once regarded as the field of activity, if not the actual clothing, of certain sub-human beings. The four elements of mediæval superstition seem a trifle out of date at a time when science admits to several score of them, yet some Rosicrucian glamor formerly shed its strange

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haunting twilight upon the notion that Earth, Air, Fire and Water represented precisely such fields of activity, and that each was inhabited by its own special denizens. Gnomes, sylphs, undines and salamanders, to say nothing of "Elementals" in general were, if not actual entities, at least Powers of a sort to conjure with.

IN THESE sub-human regions, moreover, the Soul could likewise function and adventure, though not in its ordinary waking consciousness. It must use the appropriate vehicle of Body, of which vehicles or Bodies it possessed the requisite four. The Earth Body was the only one the majority knew about, but Air, Water and Fire Bodies were there for those whose special knowledge or training enabled them to function in them. Leaving their Earth Bodies in sleep or unconsciousness, these few, assuming one or other of the four vehicles according to desire, might adventure in strange airy, watery, or fiery heavens.

Some such imaginative faith apparently enriched the private mental life of the charming woman who introduced me to my own Fire Body; something of this kind of lore, at any rate, lay behind the little episode that follows.

There is no need to remind ourselves at this time of the portentous farce of Johanna Southcott and her ludicrous "Box," at the opening of which twenty-four bishops, according to the conditions laid down by the Seeress, were to be present. Its opening "when England was in peril," having been delayed for well over a hundred years, if I remember rightly, was to reveal the means for saving the old country; so when a friend mentioned, "I'm going to the Sesame Club, and you had better come with me," adding that the occasion was a meeting to consider the immediate opening of the famous Box, possibly its opening then and there, I accepted with all the curiosity of an old New York newspaper reporter. My friend, as a member, led me in; we were already late; the lecture room, where the ceremony was to take place, I found crowded to the ceiling — with women. Not a black coat or a tweed coat was to be seen. I recall standing a moment on the threshold with my hostess, glancing quickly round at the packed rows of women, and whispering, while I turned nervously to scuttle out, "This is no place for me — I'm off!" At which moment precisely I heard my name rather breathlessly spoken just behind me, and, turning, saw an acquaintance, Miss T., confronting me.

SHE was rather breathless with forcing her way down from an upper row.

"I'm so glad I just caught you!" she exclaimed, catching, metaphorically, at least, at my coat-tails. "There's a woman here who's dying to meet you. Says she simply *must*. A friend of mine. She was sitting next me when she saw you . . .!"

I edged towards the hall. "But — er — why exactly?"

"Most extraordinary thing," pursued Miss T., pursuing me at the same time into the Club vestibule, "but she's just seen you standing there with all your four Bodies, all in a row, side by side. She hasn't the

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faintest notion of your name or who you are."

"Yes," I repeated. "My four Bodies, you said?"

"Your Earth Body she has never set eyes on. It's one of the others she suddenly recognized — your Fire Body. She's known it for ten years. Known it intimately, she says. She's dying to meet you. I gave her your name, but she'd never heard of it."

"How," I stammered, "where — when — has she met it — me?"

Miss T. looked earnestly at me. My escaping step hesitated. I was intrigued, to say the least.

"Oh, I know nothing of all that," she explained. "She was sitting next me, when you stepped inside the doorway and looked round the room. You were only there a minute, when she nudged me excitedly and whispered: 'There he is! My God!' and pointed. I looked in the direction of her finger and said 'But that's a man I know — a Mr. Blackwood.' Then she jumped up and cried: 'Oh, do introduce me. I know his Fire Body,' or 'I knew him *in* his Fire Body. I've been out with him for years, ten years at least, but I hadn't a notion who it was. He used to teach me things, all sorts of things, oh, such wonderful things. Oh, please, please introduce me to him before he goes. He's going already!' So, please," urged Miss T., "*do* stay a moment and I'll fetch her down!"

She disappeared, leaving me in the vestibule, feeling half intrigued, half foolish. Slightly bewildered, too, I felt. A strange atmosphere of expectancy had already been evoked by the mixed vision of England's peril, Johanna Southcott, the weird seeress of a century and a half ago, the fluttering lawn sleeves of twenty-four ghostly Bishops hovering in the background, and now, in addition to all this, the splendid dream that I possessed — visibly — three bodies in addition to my familiar physical one. And this in the Sesame Club in Dover Street, London, W. 1. in the Twentieth Century!

I remember looking round me for something to lean upon in more senses than one. People were still crowding in to hear about the Box; but my hostess, a cynical, matter-of-fact lady, was already in her seat, listening to the chairwoman, Mrs. Fox I think, who was now opening the proceedings. My eye rested with satisfaction, I remember, upon the portly hall porter, who was most certainly of this world — when Miss T.'s voice again startled me:

"Oh, I'm so glad you're still here," she was saying more breathlessly than before even, "for I've brought my friend down. She wants so much to meet you." And I was introduced forthwith to a charming, good-looking woman of perhaps thirty-three, who stared at me with keen interest and a distinctly scrutinizing and critical expression. Her calm appealed to me from the first; she was dignified, quiet, self-possessed. She said what she had to say once, not twice. After a brief apology for forcing an introduction in this way, and a word of thanks to me for waiting, she expressed her pleasure and her interest at meeting me — "at last."

"When I told Miss T.," she said, "I didn't know your name, I was mistaken. At first, in my excitement, I didn't connect you with the books

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— I *have* read one of your books. But what interests me," she continued with a stark honesty I admired and appreciated, "was that I saw your figure standing in the porch with three other figures beside it, and that one of these figures I had known for years. I have felt, and still feel," she added quietly, "a deep, deep gratitude towards it. Until this minute I had no idea who it was."

In the slight pause that came I asked *what* the figure was, and *why* she felt this gratitude.

BEFORE answering me, she looked about for a seat. I reminded her that the meeting had begun, and that Johanna's Box might possibly be opened while we chatted in the vestibule.

"I'd rather talk with you," she replied, and led me to a sofa in the guests' waiting-room.

"The 'figure,'" she began, "was undoubtedly a Fire body — some one in his Fire Body. I know," she went on with quiet conviction, "because I myself am Fire."

I made no comment, and she continued in her even, gentle voice:

"You know," she explained, "for *of course* you do — that we all have the Four Elements in us, Earth, Air, Fire and Water. One of them, however, predominates. An individual is thus one of them — an Earth, Air, Fire or Water person. Your horoscope and the Zodiac easily determine this. A Fire person and a Water person never get on — they extinguish each other, while Air and Fire people, on the other hand, stimulate each other. A Fire person will never come to grief by fire, nor a Water person drown — their instinct preserves them. But, *of course*, you know all this, because you have written about it in your books —"

"So, you are Fire," I put in quickly.

"I am Fire, yes," she assured me, "and I know a Fire Body when I see one — naturally. I travel in my Fire Body every night in sleep. That's how I met yours. You, too, are Fire — though, I judge, Air and Fire too."

"And why," I asked, sticking to my original question, "does that make you feel grateful? For you mentioned gratitude just now."

She paused a minute or two before replying. "Because," she said at length gravely, "you — you in your Fire Body — have taught me such wonderful things."

I stared blankly at her.

"Amazing, marvelous things," she added quietly, yet with intense admiration. "I can never, *never*, be grateful enough for your guidance, help, instruction. On more than one occasion you have saved my life. The help you gave was above rubies."

I SAT there speechless — in the vestibule of the Sesame Club in Dover Street in the Twentieth Century; but a moment later, having recovered my self-possession, when I proceeded to inquire the nature of this help, how and where we met, what words I spoke, and a few other practical details I wanted to know about, she remarked quietly:

"If you will come to tea tomorrow I will try and tell you a little more about it, if you don't mind and will forgive — I find this atmosphere difficult to talk in — unsympathetic." She indicated the fact that

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neighbors were listening to us. There was certainly a lack of privacy.

She rose, and I rose with her, naturally. I made many apologies for having detained her. I promised to come to tea — it was a flat in Albemarle Street next door, and on the top floor. I made a note of the number, and the following day I arrived punctually at the hour appointed.

We resumed our conversation practically where it had been interrupted.

The flat, I noticed, was cosy and delightful, the cakes and China tea were of the best. It was the flat of a cultured woman — lined bookshelves, pictures, sculpture, a piano smothered with music, the best weeklies lying about, serious books everywhere — a flat untidy, lived-in, human, and alert to all the movements of the day. Evidences of an up to date and wide intelligence were obvious enough. And they were natural. First-rate drawings of famous horses too, I noticed, with various splendid photographs of Greek sculpture, water colors of Paestum, Pompei Streets, and some lovely reproductions of Florentine masterpieces.

UNDER the broad mantelpiece I saw a few indifferent water-colors of Alpine scenery, samples of winter-sport adventure, skiing and the like, and among these one painting in particular that caught my eye. Why this particular painting attracted me I can not explain; the point is that it did so. I kept looking at it, looking back at it, while my hostess talked. It interested me, it *drew* my attention. For some reason, I wanted to know more about it. It would be only too easy to assert, in view of what was told me later, that it seemed familiar, dramatic too. Yet that would not be strictly true. The strict truth is stated when I say that it interested me — apart from any intrinsic merit. For it was merely a commonplace, distinctly amateur water-color of a youth with flaming red hair which stood up as though blown by a wind, the face and features ordinary enough, yet with something in the eyes, and in the eyes alone, that startled. Yet the idea rose in me that I had seen it somewhere before. It was in this vague notion of having "seen it before" that the sense of familiarity doubtless arose. I must add that no evidence can possibly support this notion. I had never seen it before, I have never seen anything like it since.

SUFFICIENT, then, for the moment, that I kept looking at it with particular interest; and I recall that I intended at the first opportunity to ask what, and whom, it represented.

My hostess, meanwhile, was chatting over the tea-cups.

"I was going to tell you about my Fire Body excursions," she resumed calmly our interrupted conversation. "It must be over ten years ago," she went on, "that I first became aware of having unusual dreams. Most of us dream, I know, and some of us" — she smiled understandingly — "think our dreams of importance. I never made that mistake. The first thing that made me take my dreams seriously was that I dreamed so coherently."

"Coherently?" I repeated.

"In the sense," she explained, "that each dream was a sequel to the last one. I met the same person I had

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met the night before. The talk of the previous night was resumed where I had left it off on waking. Sometimes I woke on a question I had asked. The next night that question was answered at once — as though there had been no interruption."

"But the questions and the person?" I ventured: "Were they of interest?"

SHE stared at me a moment, though I got the impression she looked past me rather than at me. She was thinking. It was not I — as I sat there over my tea-cup who interested her.

"The questions," she replied gravely, "were of great interest to me, of supreme interest, I might say. The person was yourself."

"Myself!" I exclaimed, egotism fixing attention on the point of the person rather than on the nature of the questions.

"You," she stated emphatically and with intense conviction, "but you — not as I see you now. At this actual moment — drinking tea in my flat," she explained. "It was you in your Fire Body."

I stirred my tea. I thought hard a moment. My temperament and interests were not adverse, not hostile certainly, to any conceivable mental adventure. I had William James, Dr. Osty, Boris and Sidehart, so to speak, at my finger tips. The text books, from Charcot to Binet and Féret, to mention no others, poured their accumulated content into my mind. If not hostile, I was certainly advised, and therefore critical. Doubtless, in view of this packed reading and questioning, I was critical in a very real sense.

"In my Fire Body?" I repeated. "You mean, I suppose, that alleged body or vehicle in which our normal consciousness is said to manifest — er — otherwise?"

She gazed at me without comprehension.

"I suppose so," she answered, after a considerable pause. "All I know is that I met this figure night after night in my dreams, that it told me wonderful things, that it taught me splendid, amazing teachings, and that it was always the same figure — *you*, whom I saw yesterday afternoon for the first time in waking. I saw this figure standing close beside you at the Sesame Club. I saw you in your physical — or Earth — body. Beside you I saw three other figures I did not know or recognize. I recognized one only — the figure I had met so often in dream — your Fire Body. I was so excited I asked Miss T. who it was."

We both stared hard.

"May I ask," I ventured presently, "*where* we met — in your dream? And what the teaching was?" — for my tongue refused somehow to ask "what I taught you?" No recollection lay in me of having taught this lady anything, in dream or otherwise. "What kind of thing, for instance?"

OUR stare continued for some minutes. My impressions during the little interval were mixed, perhaps, yet one stands out clearly. If any woman told the truth, it was my hostess. She was telling quietly, with intense conviction, something she had indubitably experienced. It was as genuine as her gain or loss in the stock market, as her account of skiing down the Murren Race Track, as

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her reactions at Paestum or Pompei. Of that I feel assured.

"*Where?*" she repeated my first question. "Well, it's always the same place. Up a mountain side. You take me up a mountain. It's very steep, painfully steep. No, you don't take my hand or help me. You pay little attention to me. You lead and I follow. At a certain spot, always the same spot, you just stop. You turn. You don't look at me. You just stand there, looking out and down. An immense landscape stretches below us. You gaze out over it. And — you talk. You tell me things. You answer my questions. You are kind, patient, but completely indifferent to me — as an individual. You just tell me things I want to know because you know them and I don't. You might be talking to a tree or sheep or stone, for all the interest you show in me myself."

"And — the things we talk about? The questions you ask and I answer?"

She paused again, and again her intense conviction and sincerity came over me. She drew a long breath.

"Marvelous," she whispered. "Perfectly marvelous — and yet so simple that it always mortifies me that I hadn't understood them without asking."

A WILD hope flashed through me that I might here find myself on the brink, the perilous, uncertain brink, of gathering at some unusual information snatched, stolen even, from the pregnant subconscious searching of what the text books term a "lucid somnambulist." I caught my breath a moment, probably.

"Tell me," I suggested, using all the combined command and sympathy of eye and voice at my disposal.

She gazed past me as before. She made an effort, a sincere effort, I am convinced. She was trying to think, trying to remember.

"I can't," she said presently with a sigh. "Try as I will, I can not remember. I only know that what you tell me, what you teach me, affects my whole life," she added. "I never can remember what we talk about — never. I only know it guides and helps, and even saves me. My life in the world would collapse but for that help. Yet I never can remember a single detail afterwards. Not one!"

I did not stir my tea, I drank it down.

"The gist of the teaching stays in you, though you recall nothing of the actual words?" I asked presently, putting it as simply as I could.

WAITING for some time before answering, she said it seemed to be something like that perhaps. During the affairs of the day, when she was perplexed, doubtful, uncertain how to act or what to think, an idea would suddenly flash into her. It seemed to come from nowhere, yet it solved her immediate little problem — marvelously. And each time this happened, there flashed with it a faint haunting memory of some marvelous strange figure belonging to a dream. Not only in daily acts did this occur, but also with her reading, thinking mental life. A puzzle was suddenly resolved, something that perplexed her simplified, a mental problem in some region of her inner life made clear — and always this same fleeting, vanishing picture of a figure who supplied the solution, then fled before memory could pos-

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sibly seize or label it. Never could she honestly attribute this help to any other source except the figure of her dream, for she could recall only the figure, and never what the figure had told or taught her.

Certainly, I detected no attempt to elaborate or justify. She remembered the figure, yet never precisely what the figure said. She attributed the solution of a given problem, mental or otherwise, to the figure merely because each time the sudden guidance and solution came, this flashing memory of the figure darted across her mind.

It was an interesting story. I had to admit that I myself rarely, if ever, dreamed. My dream-content, possibly, she suggested, found vent in my books, and hence my sleep was blameless and uneventful. We talked, or rather I listened, for an hour or more, but my hostess committed herself to nothing I dared label as nonsense, foolish, or hysterical. There was no personal encounter of any sort, nor any hint of its possibility even. She was interested in my Fire Body, not in me. She made one or two more than thoughtful comments. "Things we have utterly forgotten and can not place," she mentioned once, "influence the more because we *have* forgotten them. Having utterly forgotten them," she explained, "the will and imagination do not oppose or criticize."

And before I left, on the point of saying good-bye in fact, my eye again caught the little water-color drawing that had *drawn* my attention so vividly earlier in the afternoon, and I asked what and who it was.

"Oh, that," she answered, turning to the picture as I pointed to it. "That," she explained apologetically, "is a little sketch, a clairvoyante friend of mine, a girl, did for me. She was here one day and said she saw a figure standing behind me always. I asked her to draw it. It's you," she said with a smile as I went out. "You in your Fire Body." She made me a present of it, and it hangs on my walls today in a neat black frame.

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A Game for Twosomes

By Susan Lee

At the age of forty-six, I married. My bridegroom was not the dashing Lochinvar of my girlhood dreams nor even the distinguished cavalier for whom I had waited futilely through my twenties. He was a staid widower of fifty-seven, with grandchildren and with matter of fact ways. But he was also an intelligent, considerate gentleman to whom I could give permanent affection and deep respect. For this I give thanks to Fortuna. For had he been far less, I would yet have married him. Twenty years of vassalage under a social matriarchy would make any old maid desperate.

To marry at forty-six requires courage. One must brave a storm of comment from friends and acquaintances and a barrage of trite and often vulgar wit from that large part of the public which regards the mating instinct as a fundamental source of humor, particularly if manifested by persons past thirty. Then also one must combat active family opposition. In my case, the family resistance was threefold. First, my mother who, paradoxically, not only regarded me as her chum and colleague but also as her fresh, young, artless daughter, was loath to surrender me to any man of less degree than the Prince of Wales. Second, my married sisters and brothers, aside from disliking to see me "make a fool" of myself, hated having the family home disrupted and additional responsibility shifted to their shoulders. Third, my young nephews and nieces, who, with the arrogance of youth, assumed the exclusive rights to courtship and marriage, thought my November romance not only excruciatingly funny but also downright silly.

In spite of all this, I married. I would brave even greater opposition to do it again. I say that neither because of sentiment nor economics. Many women have been stampeded into hurried and indiscriminate marriages by spectres of age and loneliness, by fears of facing the future alone and by phantoms of poverty. I was not influenced by ghosts or bugbears or even by sentimentality. I was self-supporting and was assured an economic future equal to that which an average husband could provide. Nor was I deluded that marriage was any magic cure-all for loneliness or unhappiness. Any woman who has lived forty-six years has learned that a "Mrs." prefixed to a name will neither drive away the harpies nor insure the

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presence of the bluebird. At sixteen we may think marriage a panacea for life's futilities, but not at forty-six.

The chief factors that made me seek marriage as openly and determinedly as was compatible with my spinster modesty might be regarded as trifles by many persons. But an aggregation of disquieting trifles eventually becomes a Niagara Falls of motive. And plenty of such trifles are bound to arise, like Pandora's pests, to plague the spinster who finds herself in a society organized on the theory of duality; who discovers herself playing a Run Sheep Run game of life without a partner.

I AM aware that it is a commonly accepted truism that the lean days of the spinster are past; that the self-sufficient, gloriously free bachelor girl has an ideal existence generations removed from that of her kitchen-slave maiden aunt. I will concede that the spinster has made tremendous progress in the last half century out of an intolerable and tragic position. She now is economically independent and that, as every woman knows, is the first step toward happiness and self-respect. Moreover, education and professional training have opened new worlds of self-expression to her, have given her inner resources with which to combat loneliness and morbidity. But in spite of all that, I maintain she is still far from social equality with her married sister. Even though she may have come into her birthright in the industrial world, yet in the social organization of life, she finds herself a fifth wheel, a black swan, an Ishmael.

Any one who has had the experience of being a sensitive child on a school playground will understand what I mean. Many games are played in two's. In such games, you wait to be chosen, and if you are left out, if you are the odd one, you bravely try to conceal your disappointment as you watch the others play. True, there are games you can play alone, and you may be moderately happy in them. But you always feel as though you had been cheated out of the greater fun.

THERE is no getting around the fact that the game of life, at least in its outward forms, is largely played in two's. Even though we die alone, cemetery lots are surveyed on the basis of even numbers, are laid out to provide burial for a certain number of couples. However, it is much easier to handle an odd woman in a cemetery than in a ball room. Any one of any social experience whatever knows what a problem the extra woman presents to a hostess. The problem is particularly baffling if the woman is past her first youth. The odd man, on the contrary, may be an asset. No matter how great his senility, if he wears a dinner jacket with aplomb, he may be paired with the youngest and giddiest feminine guest — at cards, at dinner, even on the dance floor. But certainly no hostess would have the courage to ask a sheikish college youth or a self-satisfied young bachelor to take out to dinner a woman past forty.

There are innumerable occasions in the social world where the single woman finds herself a misfit. If she belongs to a woman's club, she faces

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the inevitable husbands' night or annual banquet when she is expected to appear with a masculine escort. If she is not able to inveigle a brother, cousin or family friend to take her, she must accompany some married friend and the married friend's husband. And during the evening she usually finds herself segregated with a little group of spinsters or elderly widows who stand or sit around self-consciously watching their mated associates play the social game.

As a result of this situation, the unmarried woman past thirty gradually gravitates into a social world of women. I doubt if it is generally realized today to what an extent the village of Cranford is duplicated in the social life of our cities and towns. In each of these there is a distinct world of spinster schoolteachers, business women, artists, musicians and stay-at-homes who have about as little social contact with men as did the maiden ladies of Mrs. Gaskell's secluded village. I have lived in this feminine world and I know whereof I speak. When I was one of its stay-at-home members, I took my recreation by going to matinées or afternoon bridge parties and symphony concerts. When I became a worker, I joined other working spinsters at night events — theatres, musicales, dinners, bridge games and club meetings. My spinster colleagues and myself shopped together, took trips together, and dutifully exchanged picture postcards, letters and Christmas presents. Although mature adults, we were continuing the social régime of a girls' boarding school.

Now I am not deriding friendships between women. There is a great deal of beauty, inspiration and joy in such associations. And the women who comprise this modern social Cranford, I believe, are less petty, less jealous, less trivial than the women of the mixed social world. But they are also, as a rule, more prudish, more narrow and more drab than they would be if they had the stimulation of social contact with men. For even though a woman may be past the stage of romance, she can not help but respond to the challenge a man's presence provokes and be led to put forward her best asset, whether it be a flair for dress, an exhilarating wit or an understanding sympathy.

If the middle aged spinster of leisure takes up politics, she again finds herself at a disadvantage. Men politicians particularly resent "old maid busybodies." They are also strongly suspicious of the spinster who would run for office, feeling that there must be something intrinsically wrong with her or she would have married. It is hazardous enough for a woman who is not a widow to seek political preferment, and for one who hasn't even a wedding ring, it is hopeless.

Moreover, the unmarried woman who undertakes any form of civic work likely to upset the established order of things will encounter more opposition than would a woman who has the background of a husband. And when it comes to civic honors, she is likely to lose out entirely. In that connection, I am reminded of a recent visit to our city of a distinguished guest to dedicate a

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soldiers' memorial for which many women, including myself, had worked faithfully, even doing house to house canvassing for funds. But less than half a dozen of the women who had worked so untiringly were named on the reception committee or permitted to occupy seats on the platform. And those few who were so honored happened to have husbands who were Federal, State or city officials or members of the board of governors of the memorial. All of the honors accorded women were awarded on the basis of husbands.

That is one instance of the numerous discouragements that confront the spinster who seeks outlet for her energy in civic work or politics. Nincompoop wives may occupy box seats at civic affairs and at political conventions, while the spinster, no matter what her party or civic service may have been, usually has to fight for standing-room. In my own case, after many years of civic and political snubbings, I finally realized that the only way to beat the wifely protectorate was to join it.

Even in her own home, among those who love her most, the unmarried woman faces many difficulties. For one thing, in the eyes of the family, she never grows up. She is told how to dry the dishes, where to hang the dish towel, how long to wear her skirts, how early to be home from the picture show, and how to make up her mind on all the social and moral issues of the day. Unless she is unusually strong-minded and ruthless, her life is likely to be one continuous conformance to other persons' habits and opinions. Parents, sisters, brothers, aunts and cousins, all in the great wisdom born of marital experience, tell her what to do and how to do it. And no matter how free a hand she may be given in running the home, it is a second-hand thrill that she gets out of her authority. She can never be truly herself or express the essence of her personality in surroundings that have taken their material form from the dreams of others.

Too often the spinster becomes the pack horse of family responsibilities. It is not alone in the care of her parents that she bears the brunt of the load. Her married sisters and sisters-in-law, and often hordes of nieces and nephews get in the way of expecting both things and service from "Aunty." In most cases, the giving is a joy. But often there are times when the giver wonders how she is going to meet her responsibilities. I remember one Christmas after a lean year, with expenses for illness, that I found myself faced with the problem of providing handsome Christmas presents for exactly fifteen children of relatives and friends. I could not disappoint them with nominal remembrances for I had too long been remembered as an unfailingly generous Santa Claus. And, as the children's parents so often had pointed out, I could be expected to make lavish gifts as I had no one but myself on whom to spend money.

But these annoyances within the realm of my family circle would not have been so difficult in themselves to bear. At least I was paid in love for what I suffered. However, the social briars that beset me in the outside world offered no healing

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balm for their scratches. It was these continuous pricks of public opinion that helped most to goad me to the altar.

As all martyrs and near-martyrs know, any form of persecution is easier to stand than ridicule. And in no community have I found humor far enough advanced to discard the spinster joke. The mother-in-law and the two Irishmen have been consigned to the limbo of outgrown humor, but not the old maid. Up to the time I was married, I scarcely ever met a man acquaintance without having to listen to the smirking query, "Married yet?" I was never able to attend a family gathering without my spinsterhood serving as the backbone of the jesting. I was seldom able to go to a friend's house for dinner without having her husband enliven the courses with quips about my unmarried state.

IT WOULD not have been so bad if these humorists had confined themselves to jesting. But they would not stop there. They were bound to find me hypothetical mates. And such mates! Any unmarried woman will recognize the types — patriarchs of ninety-five who have buried or divorced half a dozen wives, half-wit village or town characters, hermit bachelors, and always, inevitably, the latest widower with from six to a dozen children. Such jokes may be funny the first time. But after being recited in connection with every rag-picker and junkman who comes to the door, they lose their freshness.

Another opprobrium that the spinster must suffer is that of belonging in a social group designated by a term of disrepute. What greater epithet of disrespect or ridicule can be conferred on an individual — man or woman — than to be termed an "old maid?" All fussy, irritating persons — including men — are "regular old maids" in popular parlance. And in that connection, I have long sought unsuccessfully to find a satisfactory definition of just what constitutes old-maidishness. If a single woman talks too much, she is a garrulous old maid. If, on the contrary, she is silent, she is a timid, suppressed old maid. If she wears feminine clothes, she is a vain, dressy old maid; if she adopts sports and tailored costumes, she is a mannish old maid. If she stays at home and embroiders, she is a helpless old maid; if she goes out in the business world, she is an aggressive old maid. If she keeps a cat or dog, or if she adopts a child, she is a starved old maid, and if she doesn't, she is a selfish old maid. If she is conservative in her dress and habits, she is a prudish old maid; if she is modern, she is a silly old maid trying to be young. She is constantly between Scylla and Charybdis; no matter what she does, it is always the typical act of an "old maid."

THIS sense of being set apart in a queer and inferior stratum of society is deepened in the spinster by the subtle air of patronage with which matrons regard her. What unmarried woman has not had the experience of being treated with condescension and open pity by some woman whose husband's hand she once refused? And no matter what the spinster's knowledge of the world or her experience with life has

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been, it is always assumed that she can know nothing of the fundamentals of life, of the passions of lovers, of the foibles of men, or the hearts of children. This attitude is particularly annoying to the woman who, even though unmarried, has drunk deeply of the joys and sorrows of life and who has been an understanding and sympathetic spectator of the human drama.

This sense of being queer is also heightened in the spinster's mind by the masculine attitude toward her. There are few men who comprehend that many spinsters are such because of an idealism that would not permit of compromise. The average man assumes that a woman is an old maid merely because nobody would marry her, and try as he may he can not disguise that conviction. It shows in his manner even when he is trying to be the kindest and most tactful. And with the outside world — at least that large and important part of it that is composed of smug matrons and their husbands — adopting that attitude, the unmarried woman comes in time to adopt it herself, to wonder if maybe she isn't a little odd, a little off color, or surely she would have married somebody.

I have seen the most self-sufficient women weaken as this conviction was borne in upon them. Sophia, one of my college mates, was an example. She was a brilliant scientist who seemingly was absorbed in her career as a teacher. But after we had been out of school five years, I was surprised to hear her say that if she were taking a new position she would buy a wedding ring and pose as a widow.

"People then might stop asking why I didn't marry," she said, "and society would regard me with infinitely more respect."

Ten years later, Sophia, at the height of her success, announced her intention of marrying somebody — anybody, merely to escape from the women's line at the faculty receptions, she declared.

Many who read this may have a pitying smile for Sophia's weakness and for my own. I myself regret that I am not made of such stern stuff that I might snap my fingers at the jesting of crude men, the patronage of smug matrons, the scorn of the herd and the superficial rules of the social game. But the blood of a martyr is not in my veins. Besides, at forty-six, one is getting tired. The last home stretch is getting shorter. One does not want to spend it beating one's wings futilely against the bars of social customs that date back to the first ape. It is not the time for social pioneering. It is the time for rest — rest which is reached by traveling the road of conformity.

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Synthetic Gold

By Glowacki R. Parker

Modern alchemy makes tariffs

What is the remedy for hard times? Is the world suffering from acute indigestion, brought on by an oversupply of its needs? Are our legislative bodies neglecting obvious means of relief, or are our troubles due to statutes already enacted?

We are daily treated to answers to these questions, and are offered a wide choice of cures for our ailments.

Not much more fantastic than some of the nostrums more seriously put forward is the proposal to restore prosperity by an extension of Prohibition. The plan has indeed all the elements of plausibility. Simply stated, it proposes that traffic in articles other than intoxicants be prohibited by law. A ban is to be placed on the sale and transportation of groceries and meats, clothing and hardware, mousetraps and pianos. It is expected to work out something like this:

The public will demand these articles, and will get them, as it does alcohol. But as business in them is prohibited, manufacture and marketing will be accomplished by bootleg methods. This will have a threefold effect in creating prosperity. First, the number of bootleggers engaged in the distribution of general merchandise will be enormous, and bootleggers are notoriously prosperous. Second, prices will be doubled and tripled, and it will not be necessary to supply first-class goods, so that profits will be tremendously increased, as has been the case with alcoholic beverages. Finally, whatever unemployed remain will be required, if not drafted, to serve in the vast army of enforcement officers, enjoying large incomes, including what they receive from the Government.

The plan seems flawless, and the theory on which it is based has been amply tried out in practice.

Scarcely less curious are the remedies proposed, and not infrequently enacted into law by the world's parliamentary bodies. Experience and common sense to the contrary notwithstanding, it is still believed that the old law of supply and demand can be made inoperative. And it can, in the same sense that water may be made to run uphill, with a force pump. But no one has yet found a way of thereby creating a waterfall, the power from which will run the pump. By and large, legis-

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lative tinkering with the normal functioning of the economic machine either results in failure to accomplish its purpose, or in merely taking money out of one pocket and putting it in the other, that is, benefiting one group or class of people at the expense of another.

In isolated cases, this is permissible, on the theory that it is sometimes justifiable, to tax all of the people for the benefit of a few, as a temporary or emergency measure. But, as a matter of settled policy, or on the assumption that any permanent wealth is being created for all the people, it is wholly fallacious and unsound.

Thus a part of the people may produce more foodstuff than all of the people can conveniently eat. So All-of-the-people (through the Government) say to Part-of-the-people, "We will buy your foodstuff although we can not consume it; but by putting it in our storehouse it will no longer be for sale, that is, it will be off the market. And as we need more, we shall come to you and buy it, and if you have more than we can use, we shall put the excess in the storehouse too. This will permit you to sell all you produce, at a good price. It may even be an encouragement to you to produce more. Surely in this way we shall all prosper."

THIS is in essence what has been tried in this country and elsewhere. If we did not enjoy fooling ourselves, we might far more honestly go to the farmers and say: "You are a worthy class and need help. Also your votes in the next election are important. Therefore, for each bushel of wheat you sell at sixty cents, we will pay you fifteen cents out of the public treasury, to provide which sum the people will be taxed. The amount you will receive for your wheat will then be seventy-five cents."

The advocates of such measures will, of course, assert that their purpose is solely to coördinate supply and demand, that is, to distribute such goods evenly as required, and not permit the exigencies of producers to glut the market at one time. The theory is excellent, but in practice it rarely works out this way. The Government not only finds itself in business, but in a highly speculative business with the odds all in favor of the taxpayer being the loser.

OVER-PRODUCTION or under-consumption are identical terms, though the latter is usually the more accurate. There is no such thing as over-production, so long as unsatisfied wants exist. The world has not produced too much wheat or cotton, so long as millions of people are underfed and underclothed. The weakness and the trouble with the world's economic machinery is not in excessive output, but rather in faulty distribution. And the latter includes not only the physical transportation of products to the far corners of the earth, but the efficient utilization of the energies of the people resident therein. They must have something to trade for what they receive, that is, they must have purchasing power. Clearly, the way to an improvement in the world's economic ills lies not in interfering with the natural functioning of the machine, but rather in the adequate disposal of its output.

But instead of intelligent effort applied in this direction, we find on

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all sides men and governments trying to put obstacles in the way of universal distribution. Thus with millions in India and China suffering from insufficient bodily covering, it is proposed to curtail the supply of cotton. With these and other millions throughout the world underfed, if not actually starving, we seem to think that conditions will be bettered by artificially making food more difficult to obtain. Apart from temporary and largely artificial benefits to a few, there is no precedent in all history for prosperity having been created by scarcity. And this is merely another way of saying that wealth, either individually or collectively, does not result from high prices. It was a reduction, not an increase, in the cost of oil and automobiles that produced the Rockefeller and Ford fortunes.

But obstacles to universal distribution are not confined to attempts to regulate prices at their source. The normal and free passage of merchandise from producer to consumer meets a constantly increasing number of barriers which either retard, divert, or completely bar its progress. Prohibitive regulations and embargoes, customs duties and subsidies, nearly all have as their primary purpose the creation of an artificial advantage to a certain group. In so far as they are successful, the natural movement of goods is hampered, and the inevitable cost is borne by the people as a whole. Let us examine a typical case.

A producer or manufacturer, say, in the United States, calculates that, because of high labor costs or whatever it may be, he can not sell a certain line of goods, except at a price ten cents per unit higher than his foreign competitors. He can apply for legislative relief in either of two ways: (a) He may ask for a subsidy to be paid him out of the national treasury, of ten cents for each unit he sells. He is then on an equal footing with world competition. (b) He may ask for a duty of ten cents on all imported units. This raises the selling price of the foreign article to his level, and puts him on an equal footing. It should be observed that in either case it is the public which provides the ten cents to enable the producer to do business at a profit. In (a) the amount was paid into the treasury by the public. In (b) the imposition of the duty has resulted in a price ten cents higher than would otherwise have been the case, and the public pays this, either to the producer of the domestic article, or as duty if the article is imported.

Let us make no mistake as to the effect of a duty. It is frequently stated that prices are not raised. Occasionally we are told that producers have agreed, or will agree, not to increase prices if a duty is imposed. But what are the fundamentals? The producer requesting a duty must be broadly in one of the following situations:

(1) He is manufacturing and selling at a satisfactory profit, in which case obviously no duty is necessary.

(2) His business is suffering from mismanagement, more efficient domestic competitors, changed conditions, or other circumstances wholly independent of foreign competition. In this case, a duty will not solve his problem.

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(3) His margin of profit is unsatisfactory, or he is operating at a loss, solely or principally, because of foreign competition. Obviously, unless the duty permits of raising prices, his position is unchanged, and he will continue to operate at an unsatisfactory profit, or a loss.

For the moment, we need not concern ourselves with the question of whether or not it is to the advantage of the public to pay the ten cents referred to. But that it does do so is scarcely open to question. Instances may, of course, be cited in which prices have not been raised or have actually been reduced after the imposition of a duty. This merely means that the effect of the duty was to hold a prior price level, or retard a decline which otherwise would have been greater. It is immaterial whether the public's ten cents is in the form of an extra payment, or a potential saving of ten cents which it failed to receive.

IT MAY be further remarked that, if it is advantageous to tax the public for the benefit of an industry, either by way of a subsidy or a tariff, it can be shown that a subsidy is the cheaper method. As a simple illustration, assume that, with a ten cent advantage, domestic production is able to secure and hold three-quarters of the available business. Suppose the latter consists of a million units annually. Let us first take care of the ten cent differential by a direct subsidy. The public treasury pays the domestic industry ten cents on each of its 750,000 units. The cost is, therefore, $75,000. But deliberately to pay any such sum to enable private enterprise to operate at a profit would be an unthinkable outrage to public opinion. The welkin would ring with denunciation. So we turn to the tariff, and impose a duty of ten cents per unit. The public then pays in the form of duty $25,000 on the 250,000 imported units, and $75,000 in the increased price of the domestic article, or a total of $100,000.

WHEN domestic production is only a small part of domestic consumption, a tariff becomes very much more expensive than a subsidy. Thus, if a country produced only twenty per cent of its requirements, a tariff would cost five times as much as a subsidy. But the latter sticks out like a sore thumb. It swells national budgets. It increases visible taxation. It just isn't done when it can be helped. It is easier to fall back on the anæsthesia of customs duties, no matter how much more expensive.

It may readily be shown that in theory universal free trade would be most advantageous. In practice this is out of the question. There is, for instance, ample warrant for the initial encouragement of new industries which have a logical and economic justification for existence in a particular country. There is even a good reason for the maintenance of industries which fall slightly short of being self-sustaining without some degree of protection. This is that national welfare is promoted by diversified occupations. A country whose workers are essentially specialists in only one or a very few trades is more subject to depression than one whose industrial activities are distributed over a wide range. Such diversity, even if dependent on

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artificial stimulus, is worth while within reasonable limits.

In either of these two cases the burden on the public may well be justified, but it should be clearly understood that it is a tax, and that it is the people who pay it.

It is scarcely necessary to touch on such duties as may be imposed on articles of luxury. These in essence are in the nature of an excise tax, and are to be viewed solely from a revenue and budgetary standpoint.

While such moderate protection to local industry as that indicated does constitute a barrier to the natural flow of goods, it is only when industries begin to vie with each other within a country, and countries begin to compete one with another for the erection of tariff walls, which approach embargoes, that the world's economic welfare becomes definitely impaired. And this, unhappily, is a spectacle to which we have been treated in the very recent past.

FURTHER, trade flourishes on confidence. There is a noticeable cooling off in sales enthusiasm toward a country which seems about due for a revolution or for a shooting affair with its neighbor. When such matters impend, credit men are disposed to suggest cash with order, or decline to accept business at all. And the normal exchange of merchandise slows down, to the benefit of no one.

For the same reasons, capital, that life blood of trade, is dammed up, or diverted. Left to itself, and with political horizons clear, capital will gravitate to the spots where it is most needed, almost without the persuasive assistance of bond salesmen. And trade and industry bloom in its path. But capital is uncommonly sensitive to anything which sounds like saber rattling, and gives a wide berth to the apparent sources of such noises.

"So much the better," exclaims the demagogue in his guise of ultra-nationalist. "Keep our capital at home for our own use. Don't loan it to those foreigners." And, as a rule, there is no use trying to explain to him that "capital" is likely to consist of inventories of goods lying in warehouse, or semi-idle productive capacity.

YET the same guardian of the people's rights will wax eloquent over a proposal that the United States Government loan ten million, or a hundred million dollars in silver to China. "Thus," he will tell us, "the silver producers and the Chinese will both profit." Other loans consist in essence of a mere bookkeeping entry, by which the foreigner has a bank account placed at his disposal, and which he is apt to use largely, if not wholly, for the purchase of American goods. Not so with this loan. The actual metal is going to be shipped, and to a country which we have been given to understand is already suffering from a plethora of silver. And the only way in which purchases could be made with it would be to have the bullion and coins shipped back to us! Further, in some mysterious way, guarantee as to payment of interest and principal, which has so far seemed inadequate for an ordinary loan, suddenly becomes ample and satisfactory, if the medium is silver.

Sufficient real credit is available for China as soon as governmental

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stability and the integrity of private property is assured. And thereafter the industry of its millions of people can be effectively utilized, adding to their own wealth and that of the world.

It is presumptuous for any one to prescribe a remedy for the troubles through which we are passing. Nor is it likely that a cure can be found in any preconceived set of ideas. But it would seem worth while to cling to a few simple truths. Prosperity can not be legislated to the people by the people. So long as business is conducted decently and ethically, the less governments have to do with it, the better. The working of the law of supply and demand can not be permanently controverted. Instead of more regulations, what trade needs is the elimination of artificial barriers which already exist. Plenty, through adequate distribution, is the problem to which we should address ourselves, rather than scarcity, through curtailment of production. Governments may indeed perform a very useful function in the creation of political stability within their borders, and as between each other. Trade will quickly expand in an atmosphere free from apprehension. The support of huge armaments constantly saps at the income of the humblest peasant. The spectre of war results in policies which run counter to natural and healthy development. The evils of excessive nationalism present a problem which should yield to intelligent and coördinated action. In this the potential leadership of the United States is clearly indicated. That we have not fully grasped our opportunities is due almost wholly to the exigencies of internal politics, preying on ignorance and prejudice, which it is to be devoutly hoped we may soon outgrow. Splendid isolation may still serve for bedtime stories, and foreign devils may be exorcised to frighten the timid. Otherwise, this particular bag of tricks should scarcely prove diverting to grown-up men. Present day common sense calls for the utmost in coöperative effort between nations, the elimination alike of aloofness and causes of friction, and the working out of common problems to a common end.

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Metropolis of the West

By Joseph Lilly

In our series of articles on American cities we reach Los Angeles

A spring evening. The air full of lift, cool and dry, and teasingly redolent of orange blossoms. Your car winds up around a tangle of ragged hills, over smoothed highways, well-bulwarked, secure. Up and around, up and around in the dark, a steep and tortuous way, a genuine mountain ascent. Quickly, dramatically, you make a sharp turn, and there, spread out like an illuminated carpet, like a flattened plate of stars, stretching off beyond vision, is the city.

In the morning, after a breakfast of fruits freshly picked and luscious, outdoors in the rich, seductive sunshine, billowy clouds lazing overhead, I came down the same winding road and found that the carpet, the plate, of the evening before was an immense plain, almost perfectly flat, a great pie-platter with an abruptly upturned and ragged brim where it lay in the hollow of a circle of mountains. Miles upon miles of uncurving streets, regularly criss-crossing, like the railroad yards in Chicago, a cluster of medium height office buildings and stores in the centre. People active, hurrying, the workaday American world again, and not the fantasy of the night before. . . . That, by night and by day, was my first impression of Los Angeles.

Historians hunting in later times for the traces of our civic pride are hereby directed to look for the vestiges in the Census returns. Every ten years the people of the United States count themselves and then go over the records as a baseball fan examines the batting averages. If the town in which we were born, or, more likely, the city in which we now live, has grown, our pride rises; if its retrogression can be measured by figures, we are shrouded in the gloom that engulfed Mudville when mighty Casey struck out. As a people we make the Census our national sport and our criterion of civic virtue.

So, the spot which derived most satisfaction from the 1930 Census was Los Angeles. Upon counting heads it was found to have 1,233,561, enough to make it the Fifth City. A short decade ago it was merely the Tenth, but by an expensive publicity campaign it has placed within its corporate limits 656,888 more people than were there in 1920. This increase of 113.9 per cent, a more than doubling, never was recorded

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before of any modern city. Los Angeles has overtaken Cleveland, St. Louis, Baltimore, Boston and Pittsburgh, and now it is surpassed only by New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Detroit. Already it is crowding Detroit, and ten more years will find its panting breath warming the chilly neck of Philadelphia.

What sort of city is this, really?

OF ALL American cities it is easiest to poke fun at. No effort is required to satirize its eagerness to acclaim itself, its ambition to be the world's greatest (meaning biggest) city, its scramble to be "cultured," its tolerance of quackeries, its jejune pride attested by the pinning on business letterheads of such slogans as "The Magic City," "The Wonder City," "The Homeseeker's Paradise," etc. These are the overt expressions of real estate exploiters and of youthful ebullience, and, psychologically, Los Angeles is in municipal adolescence.

Still, whatever its faults, Los Angeles is to my mind the most "American" city, within a certain restricted meaning of that adjective, the meaning, indeed, that an alien would have in asking us to name the town least influenced by European and Asiatic sources. It, not New England, is the most recent extension of our Puritan forefathers, a point seemingly so obvious I shall not labor it.

Also, to my mind it is the most capable city in America, or, perhaps I should say, the most capable municipal corporation. I mean that it tackles physical problems, big ones, and gets them done, and that it conducts its business well. As to the capacity of the citizenry in non-physical problems it is merely an average American community.

As proof of its corporate capability I cite the fact that it has been built out of nothing but sunshine and earth, set on the desert, its centre twenty-five miles from the coast, utterly without any other natural advantages, neither timber, nor minerals, nor grazing land, nor natural harbor, and only the most meagre of water supplies. But what it didn't have it has made. It has extended its limits to the shore and by erecting a long, thick, high breakwater and dredging scow-loads of sand it has fabricated a harbor, ninety-five per cent of which it owns and operates municipally. To get water it has reached into the high Sierras and laid aqueducts 250 miles over mountains and deserts, and now it is reaching 300 miles to the Colorado River for more. It makes, distributes and sells most of its electricity, along with its waters, and at rates astonishingly low.

IT HAS sown its streets with trees, palms, pepper, pine and eucalyptus, and sodded its yards with grass and planted them with all varieties of flowers. In its first development an agricultural community, it is changing into an industrial one. Of course, the rest of the country has helped it mightily with the Panama Canal and is helping even more with Boulder Dam. Still, the credit is to Los Angeles; it takes advantages of these gifts.

But, paradoxically, midway between Cleveland and Detroit in numbers, and covering more ground than even New York, the town is

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merely an overgrown boy, precocious in mechanical bent. It remains a small town in atmosphere, in outlook, in activity, in its very self-consciousness, in all those attributes that give a community character. Indian in origin, subsequently Spanish and Mexican, it has obliterated all but the superficial marks of these peoples and has become a segment of the Middle West, a magnified crossing of Dubuque and Kansas City.

As MIGHT be supposed of a place so new and expanding so quickly, its appearance is incongruous, but the predominant note is pleasant. Within the encircling mountains, tawny in summer, and, after the rainy season, green in winter and spring, splashed with the bright colors of desert flowers, it is charming and fanciful, and, from some points, awesome. Acres upon acres of the residential areas are reminiscent of Westchester County towns, of the Boston suburbs, such as Brookline, or Walnut Hills in Cincinnati. Nowhere are there tenements comparable to New York's or Chicago's. But the business district, for the most part, is tawdry and old-fashioned, like Milwaukee, or Pittsburgh, or Philadelphia, suggestive of the rococo of the early 1900's. I except several notable spots — the City Hall, the old Plaza, the Library, the Biltmore Hotel, Westlake Park, Bullock's store on Willshire Boulevard. And then there is an odd note for a big city: here and there, in the city's middle and on its edges, great fields of oil derricks stalk, like leafless and geometrical forests, a woodland of Mars by day, at night graveyards peopled by the skeletons of triangular giants.

The "Hollywood Spanish" architecture of which so much fun has been made I found quite delightful and not out of harmony with the country. After all, architecture is designed out of the necessities — the climate, foremost, and the materials most adaptable. If there is a more suitable group of residences than those in the Hollywood hills, hung along cliff slopes with the living rooms and garages on top, the sleeping rooms below, I have not seen them. The occasional red-tiled roofs, the timbered porticos, the red or blue plastered walls were justly exotic.

Geographically, Los Angeles is of the Southwest, lying a scant 150 miles from the Mexican border and close to 500 miles below San Francisco. Climatically, it is Southern, just a few degrees faster in tempo than Savannah, or, perhaps, Galveston. You might expect an admixture of the lean, bronze people of, say, Albuquerque and the politely indolent folk of Nashville. But, temperamentally, the Angeleno is definitely Middle Western, in his viewpoint, his customs, in his gait, his appearance, and in the manner of his living.

HE IS, because the great bulk of the population is from the Middle West, from Mencken's Corn and Bible Belts, from Iowa, Nebraska, the Dakotas, Missouri, Kansas, Illinois, Indiana, seasoned with Texans and Louisianians, nine out of ten small townsmen or prairie farmers, a prosperous bourgeoisie, a plain, solid folk, more substantial than gracious, and innately too stiff in the bones to be comfortable in a Mediterranean

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environment. The native Angeleno is rather rare and is more difficult to find than a native New Yorker in Manhattan.

The contrast between New York and Los Angeles is not only pointed, but revelatory.

New York, too, is the emigrant's city, but the outlander in New York is not so quickly recognized. On Broadway the hay-seed quickly is eaten off the boy from Gallipolis. There is a deep, rhythmic tide in the surge of its life that sweeps up the newcomer, an irresistible force that pummels him — and almost literally, too — into the life-stuff about him.

THE important truth in this is that most often the hinterlander goes to New York as an emotional reaction against his native environment, and, being eager and receptively minded, coalesces and soon is lost as an atom in the conglomerate mass. But to Los Angeles the outlander has not brought this attitude. He has not gone there because he felt spiritually pinched or intellectually balked. He arrives there, not out of dissatisfaction with his own, not out of a dominant conviction that he must find a new place on which to scamper untramelled. The Angeleno is actuated by antithetical motives. He goes to Los Angeles as he would to Heaven, out of curiosity, and he stays indeed, because the physical circumstances — the climate principally — permit him to live more fully the life he always has led, the life with which he is satisfied and would not change, of which he never garners enough. He is so fond of his people that he wishes to realize them more fully.

Obviously, Los Angeles then can not fit our word "city" like New York, Chicago, London, Paris, Berlin. It is not a forcing house in the way great cosmopolitan centres have been. The sophistication of the urbanite is not on its tongue, nor is its head set whirling by the giddy pace of a cosmopolis. It does not stir and provoke and set at unrest. It is softening, because life is easy and pleasant, utterly without hardship — to its inhabitants a cloudy day is a relief from monotony — and within its easy contours it is basically the same existence that is led, half actually, half imaginatively, in Shelbyville, Indiana.

Middle Westerners feel no sharp change there, merely a heightening or extending of the old life. The New Yorker feels a let-down, but, with the pace of his own city becoming really more dizzy almost day by day, a welcome let-down. To be sure, these are my individual reactions to the place, but, having been brought up in Ohio, and having spent ten years as a reporter on New York dailies, I set them forth with some validity.

BEYOND my personal reaction is the fact that Los Angeles is being made when European immigration is most meagre. As a result, unlike our other big cities, Los Angeles is peculiarly "white" in the composition of its population. It has about 200,000 Mexicans, and, with this number, ranks second to Mexico City itself, yet there is no Mexican influence in city life to speak of, except economically. Economically, since most of its Mexicans are laborers, mostly migratory, dwelling in houses built for Anglo-Saxons, living in

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them in the off-seasons of fruit picking in the great valleys roundabout. Looked down upon, even despised, few of the Mexicans become citizens, so their influence is nil, and, being peons largely, they dignify their isolation with unassertiveness and become only a dash of local color.

Thus, in its only great opportunity, Los Angeles rejects the first qualification of a great city — the fusing of races, the resultant clash of ideas, the human friction which throughout ages has spit the sparks that set the great intellectual and artistic conflagrations. Of course, it is not utterly without European groups, but these are relatively small, scattered, and so anxious to be Americanized as to be of no cultural importance. Speaking in the broadest ethnological sense, Los Angeles is an interesting experiment for the Anglo-Saxon in America, though it will take a few centuries to get the result, for it is within the tradition of Athens, Rome, Paris — all brought to power by the great migrations of the northern peoples.

JUST now, the bulk of its transplanted Anglo-Saxons have no kinship with their new soil. Historically, the city dates back to 1781, rather young even as American history goes, and it was not until the 1880's, when it was visited by a temporarily disastrous real estate boom, that it began to grow. Since then its expansion has been extraordinary, a sort of geometric progression, more than doubling in population every ten years excepting the War decade. Here is a table of its growth:

1781	44	1900	102,479
1833	1,635	1919	319,198
1860	4,385	1920	576,673
1880	11,183	1930	1,231,730
1890	50,305		

It is obvious that the city is flooded from without by those to whom the Spanish padres are a romantic fable, to whom *dolce far niente* is meaningless, whose roots are so short that their owners always are an accretion, not a growth.

HISTORY has no parallel for such a huge migration as this current Southwestern trend. All the great migrations came about by compulsion of hunger, through the expulsions of a conquerer, occasionally by the hope of plunder. None of these motivates here. It is only the lure to the lazy of an unexacting climate.

But the bait to the lure is to be withdrawn. The skilful advertising campaign, financed by business men and abetted by the railroads whose self-interest also was obvious, is about to be curbed. Despite widespread reports that the Chamber of Commerce there was to advertise even more heavily to double the city's population in the Thirties, I am informed that it definitely is advising inquirers not to come with the hope of remaining unless they bring sustenance with them. Tourists are most welcome, as spenders, but settlers are warned not to migrate unless there is $5,000 in the bank to support them until they are well established, a warning that, to be sure, precludes their going. As an alternative it is suggested that the bread-winner come in advance of his family.

The reason for the curtailment is that the city now has more people than its industries can support and that the threat of added thousands,

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even if times were prosperous, poses a problem in charity that should be avoided. Just now, the Chamber of Commerce is coaxing industries to locate plants, or plant branches, within the metropolitan area, and, until this is more successful it will do no more than encourage tourists.

THIS seems to me to be fair and intelligent and it should be a preservative of the city's charm. Although smokeless, clean and without tenements, already Los Angeles has the complexion of an industrial centre. It employs about 100,000 skilled and semi-skilled workers, and the Department of Commerce rated its 1927 output at one billion forty millions of dollars worth, principally in oil, rubber, metals, motion pictures, canned fruit, fish, garments, machines, furniture.

A considerable factor is the almost official open-shop policy. Trade unionism has fewer adherents there than in any other comparable industrial city, even in the building trades, and public opinion seems to be against it — a prolonged reaction from the dynamiting of the Times Building by the McNamara brothers in 1910, solidifying with time and with the over-abundance of workers. Unions are difficult to organize where skilled labor is so plentiful. In Los Angeles the most skilled have difficulty working at their trades; they change from occupation to occupation as circumstances provide.

However, I discern a terrific struggle between the industrialists and the real estate dealers, to whom the place is a paradise in more than one sense, and who argue that industries would follow the population, attracted by the cheap labor. The realtors are proud that a third of the 398,805 residences are owned by the people who live in them. Additional thousands have invested large funds in city real estate, many of the investments on a wholly speculative basis, dependent for profit on the continuing rapid influx of settlers.

A disgusted mortgage banker, who investigated, told me that less than half of the subdivided lots, or rather close to 600,000 of them, are vacant, and if the realtors open no more it will still require from five to seven million people to occupy them. These lots are improved, and are being assessed at values which, if carried five or six years, will double the buyers' investment through the payment of high taxes and the loss of interest. This is singularly unhealthful, but all of the newspapers whoop up real estate like auctioneers, hiking the values, and no sober man with whom I talked would predict the end.

THIS is not the only depressing aspect below the sun-kissed surface. Something else is more nauseating to the cosmopolite. I refer to the domination of the city by a minister, sufficiently undignified to call himself Bob Shuler, though his ordination entitles him to the address of Reverend. Bigoted, ignorant, avowedly "intolerant" upon principle, he virtually rules the official life by acting as the town-tattler, the common scold, the ecclesiastical censor, a function he is enabled to perform through his ownership of a radio broadcasting station. A Methodist Savanarola, he devotes two evenings weekly to castigating officials *persona non grata* to him, and to praising

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the present Mayor and District Attorney who kow-tow to him shamelessly. The unfairness of his methods and the extent of his power are incredible to those who have not observed him at first hand.

The circumstances which give him his scope are innate in the official charter of the city. There is no alignment by political party in municipal government, and, remarkably enough, there is no suggestion of a political machine, nothing in the slightest comparable to Tammany in New York, the Vares in Philadelphia, or the dethroned Thompson in Chicago. This is largely due to the absence of easily controlled foreign blocs and to the common interest taken in civic affairs.

CONTRACTS aggregating tens of millions have been let and performed without much hint of graft, except from the Reverend Mr. Shuler. In a way he is tantamount to a boss, reaching for power, exercising the authority to approve or veto, even in affairs remote from personalities, faith or morals, because he insists that every one not only abide by the tenets of the strictest school of his creed, but also obey him in civic affairs.

Of course, I do not attribute to him the power to keep this city of twelve hundred thousand people walking a chalk line. On the whole, they walk it because it suits their gait. There are few night clubs because there are few who would patronize them and no night life worth staying up for even in Hollywood — Hollywood, busy, serious and usually worried, and the last place on earth for a good time.

There are not more than a dozen speakeasies in Los Angeles and most of them sell only the poorer grades of doctored whiskeys and gin. Southern California and Los Angeles, particularly, are pro-prohibition to the hilt, which accounts for this paucity, and, concomitantly, also for the fact that those who drink brew their own beer and make their own wines in their cellars. Corporations which operate within the law deliver the malt and the grape juice and send an expert to call to see that nature is guided in its course. These and the bootleggers who deliver keep down the speakeasies, but, though they be few, drunkards are not. In 1929 the police arrested 17,009 persons for drunkenness, at the rate of 1,380 per 100,000, as compared with 300 per 100,000 for London — which is somewhat indicative of the purer Americanism of Los Angeles.

INTERESTINGLY enough, it is likewise troubled by excessive criminality. In the first six months of 1930 it reported 13,934 "known offenses," against 12,289 for Detroit, 8,846 for Cleveland and 6,150 for Philadelphia. Why this is so no one knows. The Mexicans are not to blame; the figures disclose them as participating in direct ratio to their population, possibly somewhat less. There are no "gangs" in the metropolitan sense and no "racketeering." Most of the criminals caught are adolescents, and the average net proceeds of a burglary or hold-up are comparatively small.

I wonder which disconcerts Los Angeles most: the number of crimes or the ruralness of their character?

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White Mice and Perfume

By Benjamin Appel

A Story

When I meander away from the chill ramparts of my adult world, streaming backwards to boy days, I always remember my first ghost, my first adventure and my first love, for these bygone beginnings were the fountainheads of my life. In my case, they gushed together so that I am unable to decide whether my love stemmed from adventure's prow or whether the perfumed ghost of the spinster lady who lived "over the big house" scared me into romance. . . .

Memory of that sleepy village drowses back to me as if seen through the sun-mined leaves of its shady trees, and I can see myself loitering on the corner while the doctor and other folk, who cast shadows much longer than mine, discussed the spinster lady, her white mice and the perfume she used. The heritage of childhood emotion is a more robust one than remembrance of the child itself. We forget the appearance of the little ancestors we have been, the merging fathers of the adult we are, but the lineage of old wonder is wrought in letters of gold. . . . High and subtle loomed the spinster lady in our town and although I never saw her, the bleak house in which she lived always seemed to me to be seeing her. A rambling house with a sullen porch upon which no children had ever been seen, severely futile, unwarm — it must have been a melancholy reproduction of the lonely soul who lived in its gabled heart.

Listening to the sounds of the past, among that vague church-bell-tolling, cow-bell-tinkling host of echoing nostalgias, I hear most distinctly the shaded dark syllables people used when they spoke about her. Miss Gurley was her name. Miss Gurley rang and rang in my child's mind with the ominous strength of a grim bell, clang and clang, a fixed reality in my bright passing world of colored glass. People died. People moved. But she remained secure in her fastness of a house, and men and women continued to murmur: "Miss Gurley," so that these later years are full of the cadence of her name.

The deepest stratum of my recollection has to do with the doctor and Mr. Gower. It was on Main Street and the hot sun spotted their faces in little quarters and half dollars of gleam.

"Miss Gurley's an eccentric," the

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doctor said as Mr. Gower wiped his face and attempted to look interested at the same perspiring second. "She keeps white mice. I saw them, I tell you. She called me in to see one of them. 'Ailing,' she says, 'the poor thing.' 'By heaven!' I said, 'I'm no mouse doctor.'"

Was I nine or was I ten, when I overheard this conversation, the sun lolling in my face? I don't know, but painted on sun I still seem to see Mr. Gower's corpulence and the green bits of ice that were the doctor's eyes. And abruptly, a new Titan strode the realm of my imagination. Miss Gurley became a Person.

Even Mr. Gower shook free from his torpor, for a moment, and uttered a distinct, "I'll be damned!"

"Dogs or cats would be different, but mice. . . ." He contemplated this subtle insult and then dropped an ironic phrase from his deprecating lips. "They're her children. The spinster's children."

I howled in the sunlight. Did I realize that Miss Gurley had been superbly audacious, reckless of the proprieties that separate adult from child? Keeping mice was a youngster's folkway. How dared she trespass into a child's world?

And glancing at me, the medical man . . . "That Lally kid's always underfoot." His green eyes and Mr. Gower's fat-buried blue ones were lance heads. I pretended to retreat and when their voices began to rise about them like hiding tents, I came closer, confident they wouldn't notice me.

"I can't make that woman out, Mr. Gower. The house reeks with perfume. Perfume and mice."

It was after this episode that I added the spinster to that secret list of individuals about whom I had an insatiable, small boy curiosity. But whereas I could read of Buffalo Bill, I was forced to gather my legends of Miss Gurley where I could. Irresistibly, my memory slides into the figure of the grocer boy. His snub nose had personally sniffed her perfume. . . Another morning. . . The leaves were swirling their autumn dances along the sidewalk, sometimes obstructed by the solid inquisitorial legs of a group of us children. We had cornered the grocer boy. He put his empty basket down; a few red-gold leaves were serely beautiful against the bottom of the dim brown wicker plaiting.

"No one's going to pay you for leaves," Mary said slyly.

"Don't expect them." He sneered at us all, turning his pride-bitten nose, palely freckled, towards Miss Gurley's house as if to say: "Don't you wish you could go inside like Me?"

"Did you smell the perfume?"

"Was it nice?"

"Were there many mice?"

"Are they white?"

But he wouldn't answer, although he almost burst with the diabolical scorn of Some One who knows a secret. In the indifferent way of children, we ceased our buzzing and moved thoughtfully away from the grocer boy. And then, Mary punched the snobbish nose. I remember laughing, loud and shrill, much as I had done when the spinster became a Person to me, as Mary did now. This parcel of skinny legs, short skirts and yellow hair was obviously

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more important than surfaces would indicate. A punch in the nose — how simple, how almost adult; children are often notoriously indirect in their solution of realities.

"If you don't speak up I'll crack you another."

And whether he was afraid of that mystical "another" or was conscience-stricken, he unfolded a long lying tale of a hundred mice dancing about bottles of perfume — being a boy, they had to be extraordinary: trained mice. Mary should have really cracked him.

Far, far away, the some one that was I asked the Amazon in the checked gingham dress what she thought. And louder in my ears, although sounding from that same sun-buried past, she asked, "Who wants to know?" It was difficult to win her tomboy confidence. Being, as it were, of neither sex, socially speaking, she mistrusted both. But after many attempts she gave me friendship, would even let me hold her hand — I had observed my older brother with romantic profit. Yet, ours was altogether a relation of adventure and Miss Gurley was the adventure.

THE talk mounted and mounted like a snowheap that is fed with more snow. Incessantly or languidly, abiding by the inclination of idle minutes or restricted by the plenitude of other news, the gossips, led by the theorizing doctor who must have been a bit of a psychologist, analyzed the spinster. The mice and the perfume were symbols of the life she would have wanted to live. A painful word, "symbols," which I confused with "cymbals" — the mice and the perfume were cymbals or clashes of music. In the end, I revealed the mischievous syllables to Mary.

My guilty, pleased air comes back to me, full of the conspirator pride of ten. "What does 'symbols' mean, Mary?"

Out of the junk pile of her tremendous reading, she salvaged some discarded paragraph. "That means 'stand for.'" She, too, looked as if she had stumbled on some nefarious secret.

I GAPED at her, attempting to see the hidden mountains of truth that lurked behind the mist of "stand for," but no use. She fondled her hair with her little girl's hands while I bitterly coaxed her for an explanation. And the memory seems netted by her golden strands and through the yellow interwindings, I see my Amazon assume the arrogance of an occult master of strange words. "The mice are Miss Gurley's children 'cause she hasn't any of her own. I don't see why she wants any. Mice are ever so much cuter." But hidden in her digressions I snatched at the tantalizing gleam of half-knowledge.

Another time, and I brought her more words over which she could wave her wand, mysterious caskets whose appearance gave me no clue to their contents. "What does 'frustrated mother' mean?" Savant that she was, she couldn't decipher this and we both lingered regretfully before the word, frustrated, like supplicants before a shut door.

The doctor explained the perfume. Every one agreed he was a good explainer. Twined around days and weeks like a crimson string, his

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theory seems to touch me now at a hundred places, or rather the entire episode of Miss Gurley is like a dark, brilliant basket that inevitably held my pre-teen youth. The perfume was the symbol of the courtesan. He must have associated perfume with bad women and so did all the other good, kindly folk, whose faces I see dimly against a moving screen of quiet streets, church meetings and picnics.

I HAD fetched Mary's books home from school one day, and put them on the porch rail. Her mother came out, a kindly adult blur of face that spoke: "Here's something for you."

There were two apples on the pile of books, of a deep, satisfying red, and while our teeth punched into the crisp meat, I said: "Mary, what's a courtey-zan?"

"I don't know. Let's ask your mother. Mine won't tell; she's a fraidy." She looked me cryptically in the eye as only a youngster could to whom almost all the world and its words are forbidden secrets. Later: "What's a courtey-zan, Mrs. Lally?"

"I'm surprised at you, Mary."

My confederate's solemn face informed me that my mother was also a fraidy. But we wheedled a definition somewhere. . . . "Bad woman" didn't mean so very much. Weren't children bad?

I was comfortably past my twelfth birthday, morally entitled to boast I was going on thirteen, when I overheard a conversation whose petty malice I can never forget. The post-office, and two capacious, wrathful women, hugging their parcels to their bosoms as if they were children. . . .

"What do you know, Mrs. Hardy? The doctor says every woman has a bit of the loving mother and the courtesan in her."

"The nerve of him!" Mrs. Hardy gasped. "That's a nice refined thing to say." She spouted rage. "Isn't that refined?"

"And the worst of it is, that the doctor says it's true whether it's refined or not. He says the reason Miss Gurley's a spinster is because the loving mother in her and the courtesan are at loggerheads." Rapidly, in a blurred host of words, the one that was not Mrs. Hardy proceeded to stun her confidante. "Right where folks could hear him, he said that spinsters are truces, compromises and, oh, yes, negations, in which two positive, warring forces were at rest. Now, what do you make of that? He may be a good doctor. . . ." She nodded her commiserating head and the little sneer curving her prosaic mouth implied that philosophy's domain was not for the medical man.

These two estimable, cowy women tried to look as if they had understood the doctor's tall talk and had pityingly found it childish. Certainly, I was not pseudo-critical. Morality? Negations? I reeled before their barring suggestions. It seemed as if I were in a great hall and hundreds of closed doors confronted me. My ignorance seemed to run round and round and never get anywhere.

THEN, Miss Gurley died. This abiding surety, this shadow of white mice and perfume was dead. At first I couldn't believe it. With some wild faith in that Person's perversity, I thought that her reported death was an astounding hoax. But

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she was gone; the mystery whom I had never seen was dead and Mary and I, child detectives for two years, would never know why she had kept her pets or used perfume. Never, never know why she had differed from the mouseless, perfumeless world of our adults, to which we also belonged, prim, curious grown-ups in miniature. In the wandering, loose days that followed I meditated on Death, and when the spinster's brother came in from the city, I speculated about that star-distant place, City. The ramifications of life that were like a maze about Miss Gurley, first awoke me to the Realities my elders called Life.

I SAW her brother. It was after the funeral and I was hanging around near the empty house like a disconsolate dog who haunts a den from which the inhabitant has fled. Supper hour was drawing on. The sky was losing brightness and the twilight ghosts of shadows that are almost darker lights were curving up the picket fence and between the pickets, too. I recall considering that Buffalo Bill'd wish he could move like a shadow. Haze, cool as wet fruit, gathered in the air. To this day, I can never see that peculiar fruity light, in which hundreds of too-ripe pears and apples and plums — nothing citric — seem to have dissolved, without thinking of Mary and all my youngest youth. And a remembering shiver will run down my back, for, sombre in the fragrant light, years and years ago, was Miss Gurley's brother obtruding in a harsh brown suit, walking out of that dead house casually as anything, even daring to lock the door as if the place had belonged to him forever. A drab man, a face yellow and pursy, looking as if he might have been a bit of a male spinster, himself. He strolled away and out of my memory. I never saw him again.

What had become of the mice, people asked? and then they forgot about their curiosity. She was dead and the For Sale sign seemed to bring the bleak house down to the commercial and understandable. The For Sale sign — all of us kids scrawled our initials on it and claimed we had written at night; and one dewy early morning I carved my initials and Mary's, enclosing them in a big wobbly heart — to indicate the deed had been done at blackest midnight. I see that desecrated sign, the symbol of valor; and either at school or in front of the grocer's, Mary insisting that inside the house, it must be like an oriental garden; and my scornful voice demanding what she had been reading. But it was an interesting idea — the house jammed full of piled up scents like heaps of second hand clothing. It's all confusing, and along with the For Sale incident and the "oriental garden" remark, the spinster's place got the reputation for being haunted. Interest began to pick up. Miss Gurley became alive like a regular ghost. I believe our town needed a spook at the time. We hadn't had one for years.

WHEN I think of the doctor, a smirking sort of sympathy pervades me. That poor man must have suffered from my intolerable sleuthing. I was after him one night in a wind that almost sharpened the lazy summer stars. I don't know why,

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but there I was in the honeyed darkness and the wan backs of the doctor and some visitor were gliding before me. They were talking of dull matters and I remember waving the magic charm of my youth, for lo, they were palefaces and I, a ferocious Pawnee itching for their respectable scalps. We progressed for a few streets and I was beginning to weary of my blood lust when a curl of a voice twisted back at me over their shoulders.

"What do you say about the spinster's ghost, doctor? They say she's returning to use the perfume she loved."

My Pawnee heroism evaporated. I abruptly changed into a scared boy who didn't dare turn off at his own street. The shadowed trees noiselessly pushed the darkness to all sides in their vertical upward mysteries. I accepted the society of palefaces.

"PEOPLE are fools," said the doctor. "They must have a ghost about or they're not happy. So, there's no perfume in Hades? Nonsense! What a nasty implication. It suggests that the courtesan part of her nature is stronger than the devoted mother."

They turned in at the doctor's house, and, from the right side of the fence in the bright safe light, they noticed me. "There's that Lally kid," he continued, as if in despair against an undeserved fate. "He's always underfoot but this time his snooping didn't discover much. Only ghosts." He smiled cruelly. The door banged. I ran.

To an outsider, the process of local ghost-making is a cynically amusing affair, but to the boy I was, the grey spectral pattern the town was weaving was certainly an ogreish business. Depend on it, said the ghostists, the spinster was haunting her house and using her perfume because after death the barbaric courtesan elements in a person will out. Unconvincing arguments? But to a youngster, a silent house possesses an emotional power a score of logics lack. Our town really had hold of a peculiar weirdness. Integrated with the occult there was the strong presence of scandal—if there was a ghost, that ghost had come back to the perfume, and that meant the spinster had always been bad, deep down and under.

CURIOUS, how my memories of Miss Gurley are always so complete. I seem to remember entire conversations, word for word. They echo in my ears so exactly and so preposterously. How could I remember so literally? Probably, my later life pieced out the entire episode, invented speeches, gave the town and its dark nucleus of a spinster a remarkable coherence. This must be so and it proves how momentous the whole thing was, for memory is not complete except when it concerns our most vivid livings or, sometimes, the most trivial. Most of my past is a blur; I can see myself, for example, at innumerable places, but memory doesn't record a word — pictures of mutes, smiling, gesturing, although speech there must have been. Yet, whenever Miss Gurley and the intoned, shaded syllables that seem to go with the name march across my mind, the forgotten wraiths speak. Their voices speak wraith words that perhaps they never employed; words

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put between their lips by my subconscious.

I hear the doctor. He led the anti-ghost party, prejudiced, I believe, against the immorality the supernaturalists implied. Mother love had been strongest in Miss Gurley, said the doctor, and why? Because she had never showed any corrupt taint outside of the perfume and what did that amount to? And anyway there were no ghosts.

Do I exaggerate, with yet another trick of selective memory, the interest of our town in the spinster? The doctor's party lost ground. Our town was determined to have a spook and there were so many arguments: the empty house — people hate them — the queerness of its departed inhabitant, her mice, her perfume. This last fact had the eeriest force. There is something occult about odor. A whiff of balsam, of lilac, the rindy smell of oranges, have an unearthly effect; unmoving, our spirits speed on the magic carpet of scent to remote lands, to nostalgic territories of imagination as phantomed as any haunt of apparitions. The perfume won the case for the ghostists.

I called on Mary one night and, quietly, she showed me a key. "Know what that is?"

"A key."

How impatient she was at my stupidity! "That key can open Miss Gurley's house."

If she had shown me the spinster's skull, I could not have been more frightened. My eyes rolled over her stubborn little face. I glared at the gleaming, shining key between her fingers. Like some one obsessed with a glowing crystal ball, all my attention was harnessed to light — and yet I seemed to hear a story of wax impressions and a locksmith down at the end of town. Fusing into the fascination of the bit of metal was an immense admiration of her subtle and diabolic intelligence. It was disconcerting for an impractical boy like me, who nevertheless idolized practical folk like Buffalo Bill, to see fiction acted in real life.

"We'll soon find out about that perfume."

Cowardice gave me craft. "It's not honest busting in people's houses." I was still appalled at her tomboy nerve. Obviously she thought that the way to find out things was to go and see. I might have suspected, from the time when she punched the grocer boy, that she was too up and doing for our village.

I threatened I wouldn't go, and in a burst of childish recriminations, declared I wouldn't steal, I wasn't a coward and that I didn't like her idea of borrowing a little perfume, and what did she want with perfume for, anyway? She was no courtey-zan.

For a long time she said nothing, but stared at the boy who winced at the darkness, while the insects stammered their frantic desires against the lamplight. The baby girl depths of her eyes seemed to change. Was it the dawning of a perfumed womanhood? And now she said: "Let's go, dear." Dear — I suppose she had profitably observed her elder sister, but the fact remains, my fear was swollen with a new concrete love that ridiculous word seemed to give me. But I still must have been more like the timid lady fair of the old legends

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than the bold knight, for she resorted to a last appeal. "What are you afraid for? Didn't you carve our initials on the For Sale sign? But maybe you sneaked there in the day?" This was intolerable and I remember shouting, "Who's afraid?" and all the time cursing the false bravado of that Judas sign.

DARK streets, dark trees and we were at the house. It refused to merge with the night, asserting a grim independence. I muttered something about robbing the dead. Key in lock, Mary whispered that the poor old lady wasn't a courtey-zan, there weren't any ghosts and finally asked me if I didn't like her a bit? "I'll let you kiss me after." I had never kissed her. There are prizes, fame, millions of dollars, the first kiss of a Mary, that are worth the trial of any ordeal. I stumbled to her through the shabby garden, a weedy declaration that the mistress was indeed gone. A gaping house, blind stretches of moon-touched windows that seemed to look inwards rather than outwards. . . . What could they be looking at? And the door opening inch on inch, the interior darkness rushing out through the widening space. "Have you got a light, Mary?" That was I speaking and her horrifying cool retort. "No! If there's a ghost they'll run at light." "I thought you said there aren't any ghosts?" There weren't any, but if there were they'd run at light — and we were inside.

I can hear the door shutting, the ominous closing bang, yet this climactic expedition into Miss Gurley's house lacks the colder illumination of memory. The whole episode is a recollection of warm colors. It seemed that after painting a series of precise, distinct Raphaels, my memory tried to create a murky, obscure Rembrandt. Was it the blurring blackness or the heated animal condition of my mind, fright-pierced, reacting to the sensuous odors of the house? For I smell again and again, the deep "oriental garden" fragrance that clouded into our nostrils. . . Black rose? Narcissus? I can not sniff any perfume without wondering, have I enjoyed this concentrated beauty before? in Miss Gurley's house?

I remember the feel of her hand in mine and her outline moving ahead of me. She must have marched with nose tilted high; her pleased exclamations tumbled back at me, who breathed more timidly. Fear was gobbling me up and I retain a vivid image of this old sorrow. I was afraid of bumping into Miss Gurley's ghost, who would be drenching herself with perfume.

THROUGH dark, through scent, through fear, we progressed. "It should be in her bedroom," she whispered, in a satanic calm that altogether paralyzed me. What is there in climbing stairs that agonizes the heart? I felt we were ascending to meet a burning peril. Miss Gurley's spectral form, the white mice dancing before her as she diffused a heady perfume. A long groping progress, bedrooms, and Mary searching every dresser and bureau, the sliding clunks of drawers pushed back. Another bedroom! She had pulled out a wide square compartment. Scent. Scent. It was as if she had uncorked a bottle. Scent. And through the flowered intoxications her voice thrill-

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ing with triumph, waving like a glorious pennant in my memory: "I've found it!" followed by an eery scream: "Oo-o-o," diminishing but intensifying in terror. Confusion, her hands about me, and the pair of us falling through fear, no longer precariously treading spider space. And all I could do was to kiss her cheek. Perhaps my subconscious made me utilize the opportunity, or was I the male in miniature, who kisses his beloved before descending doom's black stairs? Whirling in sick love, I heard Mary sigh. "It's all spilled out. I touched a body. . . ." The sigh was inspired. "The mice are drowned." Feeling about with a pencil, I felt tiny soggy bodies, seven or eight of them, as well as the ungiving hard feels of dozens of empty bottles. "They're not drowned. They starved to death." She said we ought to go home, that it wasn't nice. Her prim distaste almost penetrated my wonder. We were outside.

How good the stars. How friendly the "out-in-the-air" moonlight. Bold and bolder I became. I demanded my kiss and got it, a chivalrous kiss of a very young boy to whom Girl was Light and Wonder, and not at all love in the adult meaning. We spun together in the starred galaxy of youngest and most precious love, a moment, two, three, and then I hear myself asking: "Who starved the mice?" "Maybe Miss Gurley?" Did she understand more than I? A knowing child is an enigma. In a world of myriad unknowns, the inscrutable wisdom of Mary seemed to me almost fearful, uncanny, precisely because I didn't know and suspected everything; there was so much that baffled my twelve. But vaguely, touching the fringes of her superiority, I said, puzzling myself, "I'll bet the doctor would like to know. . . ."

With dying's departure on her, did Miss Gurley shut up her mice — the spinster's children? Why did she pour out the perfume in the very same drawer? I suppose the destruction of loved objects is a form of love when one nears unpropertied death. Was there any truth in the opposing theories of that psychologist of a doctor? Mother or courtesan. Which was the stronger instinct? Certainly this sombre business of the spinster seems to have ended in a compromise, the spinster's children murdered and embalmed, almost, in the prodigally wasted perfumes. Was that the compromise, the negation, the doctor insisted all old maids are?

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A Morgue of Mortgages

By Gerhard Hirschfeld

One of the thorniest obstacles to revived building—and hence prosperity—is in our financial institutions

The life insurance companies of the United States and Canada represent one of the most convincing (as well as accurate) gauges by which to measure the prosperity of the public at large. For we buy life and other insurance not only as a protection against the uncertainties of life, but also as a convenient means of accumulating savings. The insurance companies, again, use their tremendous heap of premiums for investments in different fields, and since they have to be careful with their patrons' money, their investments are — as a rule — limited to the sanest and soundest enterprises.

They own real estate amounting to the respectable total of $600,000,000 including home offices. But these holdings are mostly composed of foreclosed mortgages, of which not less than $250,000,000 were due to default of interests, largely on farms; and some $13,600,000 in interests are overdue on them.

In addition, the enormous total of $7,300,000,000 is invested by these insurance companies in mortgages, $1,900,000,000 of which are in farm mortgages. The total surplus of insurance companies amounted last year to approximately $1,140,000,000, but if we consider the above $250,000,000 in bad debts, it becomes clear that their earning capacity is not quite so impressive as it might seem to the casual observer.

But how was it possible that the carefully selected investments of the powerful insurance business could meet with such failure? Real estate belonged, for decades, among the most lucrative investment possibilities that could be found anywhere. Real estate values, we were told, could never go down — only up. You simply *could* not lose out on any real estate investment. Therefore money poured into the real estate field, people were eager to buy lots and homes, sure that some day they would reap a rich harvest.

Prosperity in the real estate field depends on three things: the value of the land, the value of the building on it, and the owner's earning capacity to take care of the building, its repairs and proper maintenance. Unfortunately, in the nearly two years which have passed since the Wall Street crash, all three values have been unfavorably affected. The

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value of the land has diminished because there is considerably more real estate offered nowadays than there is demand for. The value of the houses has followed a downward curve, partly for the same reason and partly because repairs frequently have not been made at the proper time and to the proper extent, our earning ability — in many cases — not being what it used to be. Which brings us to the third point: that our earning capacity has been sadly weakened by the depression and its accompanying characteristics, such as unemployment, wage cuts, fewer sales and so forth.

In the United States, not less than 11,000,000 out of a total number of 24,000,000 homes, or about forty-six per cent, are privately owned. These home-owners, it is said, are the backbone of prosperity. They may have been, but they are no longer so! If they want to realize some of their holdings, if they want to market some of their real estate securities, they hit upon obstacles well-nigh impossible to overcome. They apply to the building and loan associations and find that the latter have no funds to speak of themselves. They go to the mortgage banks and have to listen to unpleasant explanations of how much security is required to obtain even a modest loan.

THEY apply to the banks and experience in their own pocket the old truth that it is easier to deposit than to withdraw the money. In other words, while we are told that the fundamental strength of the American economic system is proven by the millions of home-owners holding real estate valued at billions of dollars, it remains a fact, nevertheless, that most of this wealth is "frozen." It can not be spent on merchandise; it can not be invested in some promising industrial enterprise; it can not be put into real estate for the good of the land-developing, the building interests, and therefore this wealth is, to a large extent, as dead as a doornail.

MY NEIGHBOR is an ironworker; as foreman he makes nearly $100 a week and since the war has been steadily employed, so that he has been able to buy himself and his wife and his three fine children a small house. On this, he has a first mortgage of $3,000. Depression called a halt to his streak of steady employment — and stopped him from getting work for so many months that he had to spend all of his savings.

To be sure, he had holdings — as represented in the value of his property less the mortgage debt — and, naturally, he wanted to liquidate some of them. So he went to the mortgage bank, and asked whether they would not help him out with some cash, charging his payments made on the mortgage. Well, they would not. Neither would they lend him money on any other condition but six per cent per annum and a five per cent bonus running over the full-term period of three years. And this in spite of the fact that money was never as cheap as it is today; that deposits in the savings banks show all-time records, and that the whole problem of bringing back prosperity hinges upon the support of the middle class's spending power.

The case of this ironworker is

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duplicated in millions of instances all over the country. The experiences he went through in his vain search for reasonably cheap loans have been suffered by many workmen and employes, as well as employers and independent and professional men.

To understand the ridiculousness of the process, one must consider the whole cycle. Seven years of uninterrupted prosperity enabled the middle classes to buy homes as well as many other products, the demand for which enabled industry steadily to expand its production. Let us pick the homes as the key to the situation that was to develop. These homes which went up in every city, town and village of the country represented a building activity which has had no equal in history.

THE demand for homes and houses was, in fact, so large that building supply came pretty near exhaustion. Prices went up, according to the age-old law of supply and demand. They went up so high that soon contracts for new buildings could not be executed without a distinct loss. This led directly to a building slump, which (by logic or by coincidence) was soon followed by a general and nation-wide depression, the end of which is not yet in sight. It is not meant to indicate that the depression was mainly caused by the building slump; it would seem that many other factors contributed to depression.

One of the factors that led directly into it may be found in the diversion of funds from the real estate market to Wall Street and a more or less wild gamble with stocks. This was a serious blow to the real estate and — as consequences showed — to .the building interests. It will be remembered that the tremendous building activity throughout the country, which reached its peak in 1928, was made possible largely through the ease with which a building venture could be financed. Bonds were often issued and readily absorbed by the public. Before the crash, mortgage bonds were considered one of the finest and most reliable investments and, accordingly, the demand for them was almost unlimited.

This was true of the times of prosperity. People were prosperous, business was prosperous, the country was prosperous. But, apparently, not prosperous enough. Money, no matter how fast it poured in, did not come fast enough. The workman, the engineer, the professional man and even the housewife were anxious and ambitious to grab some of the "easy" money floating around Wall Street and its immediate surroundings.

MORTGAGE bonds, thus, were in the popular conception dropped as a sufficiently quick means of making money, and Wall Street substituted. Immediately, real estate values went down because of the declining demand. Mr. L. Seth Schnitman, Chief Statistician of the well-known F. W. Dodge Corporation, considers a decline in real estate values since 1929 of between fifteen and twenty per cent a conservative estimate.

Likewise, building activity slid down a steep hill because there was, on one side, the decline in demand and, on the other, there was no possibility of financing building schemes in the accustomed easy manner. It is conservatively esti-

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mated that activity in residential building throughout the country is today about twenty per cent below normal, taking activity from 1921 to 1928 as normal. The money of the people had shifted from the real estate market to Wall Street, into the hands of the bankers; and to try to get hold of it meant and still means to apply to the banking, the financial interests of the country.

In other words, if people can not get loans on their real estate holdings, it is due to the fact that people have withdrawn their resources from this same real estate mortgage market. And people have cut into their own flesh. More, they have dragged with them the building and loan associations, the rural credit institutions, the mortgage companies and many other organizations affiliated with the real estate interests. All these associations can not be blamed for the present situation, because they themselves have no funds to speak of. They have to go to the banks if they want to borrow money; and it is doubtful if they can get it at less than five per cent.

They can not obtain funds any longer from the people, their original backers and supporters. It is true that they are holding plenty of real estate mortgage bonds and similar securities, but they can not liquidate them, they can not sell them on the market. There is no market today for real estate bonds because there is no public demand for such offerings. And here the cycle closes.

What, then, is wrong with the real estate market? Nothing at all, only that, as it happens, things are being offered for which there is no demand. Take a manufacturer of wool and cotton stockings who has the finest factory, who sells at a ridiculously low price and who grants all kinds of facilities in credits, instalment payments and the like. He will not be able to make worth while sales because there is, and apparently there will be, no demand. And the most advantageous scheme of manufacturing, of distribution, of credits must necessarily fail.

So with the real estate market. One may have the finest house and yet not be able to place mortgage bonds on the open market. One may have advanced far in paying off the mortgage debt. Yet, since there is no demand for mortgage securities, since those who are holding such bonds, can not liquidate them on the open market, one will not be in a position to borrow one's money's worth out of such payments.

This condition will keep on as long as the supply of real estate mortgage bonds so tremendously excels any demand that might exist. It is hard to give any figures shedding light on the relation between supply and demand of mortgage bonds. But a careful estimate would probably establish a ratio of seventy to thirty; in other words, more than twice as many bonds are offered as could possibly be sold. And this seems to be a very conservative figure.

It is, then, the question of balancing supply and demand in the real estate mortgage field. However, before we come to the discussion of this problem, let us look at the industrial and economic consequences that this lack of interest has provoked all over the country.

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The foremost consequence is the slump in building activity. Responsible for the falling-off is decreased demand combined with the fact that homes and houses can not be financed as easily and as cheaply as was the case a few years ago. It is easy to see that building cost would be much too high if based on the interest rates banks would charge. Only in isolated cases can money for building purposes now be obtained by the simple expedient of floating an issue. The ordinary way of obtaining it is through a loan out of the banker's resources, which, naturally, would carry a considerably higher rate of interest than a bond issue.

THE building industry is the most powerful industry in the United States, considered in all its ramifications. It is estimated that — outside of the "necessity industries" such as food, clothing and the like — about seventy per cent of industrial products flow into some form of construction. The furnishing, equipping, etc., of construction account for a large portion of the remaining thirty per cent. The number of people dependent upon the building industry and affected by a rising or falling activity in construction is 2,000,000 workers in the building trades and another 1,500,000 in allied industries. But considering that many other enterprises in transportation and commerce, in science and research are in some way or other connected with the building industry, it may be said that the total number of persons affected by the rise or the fall in construction work, amounts to approximately ten million.

The building industry is not only a very important key industry but underlies the whole economic organism of the country. For this reason, it is probably true that the revival of prosperity and revival of building activity are two things that can not be separated from each other.

Construction today is about twenty per cent below normal. Accordingly, the enormous industrial unit of the United States is working at a decreased production rate. There is less demand for iron and steel, for lumber and stone, for clay and glass products, for cement and lime and gravel and so on. From the architectural office where the building is designed, down to the freight car which hauls the construction material, business is affected, be it in wages or employment, in carloads, in production or in insurance.

BY THE same token, there must be but few employes and workmen who do not feel in wages and salaries (or perhaps in reduced working time) the effect of the building slump. In normal times the yearly payroll for the construction industry runs close to four billion dollars. To go one step further, even those industries which have no direct contact with construction: the textile, the foodstuffs, and many other branches, find themselves face to face with a huge decline in buying power on the part of the public at large.

It is therefore not only the homeowners whose buying power is greatly impeded through their inability to liquidate part of their holdings but rather the nation as a whole. If it appeared in the years preceding the Wall Street crash that it was the people's own business whether they

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diverted their support from the real estate and building market to stocks, it is clear today that the nation as a whole has suffered.

The "get-rich-quick" scheme won over the millions to Wall Street. Why does not caution and regret bring them back to safe and sane investments in the real estate field? The answer is not hard to find: because values have declined some fifteen or twenty per cent; because mortgage bonds do not offer, under present conditions, a promising investment, what with burdensome taxation, the obstacles of governmental interference and inefficiency, etc.; because few people have ready cash on hand to come to the support of the real estate market.

INDEED, most people seem to be happy if they can get over the present dilemma with the help of their earnings or tiny savings. Other people who have savings, are careful to leave them in the savings banks instead of venturing out (after the bitter experience of recent years) on a new undertaking in mortgage bonds. Some people have investments but would have to take heavy losses if they tried to liquidate their stocks at current quotations, and so on.

It all comes down to the fact that too many mortgage bonds are "frozen" in the vaults of the mortgage banks and building and loan associations, bonds which nobody wants. It all comes down to the problem, how to create a demand for these bonds, so that they may be offered for sale and thus the whole real estate and mortgage ship, which now rests tight on the rocks, be refloated.

With this goal in mind, the National Association of Real Estate Boards in Chicago has laid before President Hoover a proposal to establish in this country a system which would serve the needs of existing home financing agencies much as the Federal Reserve System serves its member banks. The establishment of such a system would permit the discount of mortgages on urban residences. The aforementioned association further asks for a study by the Federal Government of long term and short term credit as applied to the financing of home building and home-ownership. For the purpose of initiating discussion, it is explained that

> there has always been a weakness in our system of home financing. Government has offered its facilities for the development of various features of the financial and business structure but up to this time the important field of home financing has not received its proper attention. . . . Homes which have a permanent as well as a resale value never have been financed on as liberal terms as consumption goods, the value of which is destroyed in the use. Luxuries have been purchasable on easier terms than one of the prime necessities of life — shelter. Long term financing, say, twenty years, with instalment payments on principal not exceeding four per cent per annum, and with certain rights of pre-payment, is a necessity; and would enable the family to accumulate a reserve for times of stress.

THE proposal goes on to explain that there must be central banks of discount to serve mortgage companies, building and loan associations, etc., and that such a structure can be created only by the Federal Government. Furthermore, the members of the regional discount banks should be local mortgage banks which would be authorized to take

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subscriptions to their stock from commercial savings banks, trust companies, building and loan associations, mortgage companies, etc. The function of the regional bank would be to purchase first mortgage loans from its members only and to issue debentures the income from which, not exceeding $5,000 of these debentures, might be made tax exempt in order to stimulate purchase by small investors.

What the proposal apparently has in mind is the creation of a force through which the shifting of the people's money can be effectively counteracted. It is an undeniable fact that responsible for the decline in real estate values is the lessening interest of people in real estate. No demand, no sales. A key industry, such as building, with millions of men and billions of values dependent on it, can not quietly look on while people carry their money to Wall Street and, if any is left after the debacle, to the savings banks.

The force which shall counteract this diversion of the people's money may be seen in the proposed authorization of the local mortgage banks to take subscriptions to their stock from commercial savings banks, from trust companies, etc. If people do not want to get interested in real estate and building, at least those channels through which people's money is flowing, should be available for revived building activity.

Whether this or a similar plan will go through remains to be seen. But it is clear that in this way a ready market for the absorption of mortgage bonds would be created. This, in turn, would enable the home-financing institutions to liquidate their holdings. It would give the home-owner ready cash. It would clear the path for a revival of building activity through the flotation of bond issues and thus would probably show the country the surest and quickest way out of the depression.

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Aviation Chases Its Tail

By Donald Rose

Some thoughts on the season's aerial triumphs

Nearly two months have passed since the nine-day wonder of the Winnie Mae's flight around the world, and nobody has yet suggested a sensible reason for it.

Nobody has even asked for one. An immense amount of public interest and curiosity was expended on the flight, but nobody seems to care why it was made. It might be supposed that an achievement of so much importance would have a proportionate significance, or somebody would want to know the reason why. But an event which knocked the civilized world into a state of uncivilized hysteria is still lacking a civilized explanation. Two gentlemen from Oklahoma went whirling around the world at two miles a minute, stopping at way stations in Europe, Asia and North America, and the radio *impressarios* told the world about it at the top of their microphonic voices. When the tumult and the shouting died, they were back where they started.

It was, admittedly, a famous victory over time and space and the laws of averages and probability. So, for that matter, is the achievement of the man who falls down three flights of stairs without hurting himself or the stairs. But what useful purpose is served by his triumph? It was a splendid effort in human courage and endurance, but so is that of the man who eats a barrel of oysters at one sitting. And who is the better for it?

More than this must have been accomplished, or else the intelligent American public would not have gone so whole-heartedly haywire about it. But what it was has not yet been mentioned. Certainly it was impossible to find out while the night sticks were still cracking on the shins of the crowd which saw the finish of the flight. It was impossible to be quite sane about it while our national cheer leaders were whooping it up over a coast-to-coast network of radio stations. There was little lucidity in the adulations of the official reception committee and the appointed prophets of aviation, nor even in the cautious comment of the patron saint of transatlantic flying, himself on the point of going no place in particular for no good reason. A great deal was said, but nearly nothing was said to explain why so much trouble should be taken to

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make the longest way round the shortest way home. The mystery remains, just as it is still undetermined why a little dog will chase his tail for ten minutes and then sit down with an air of weary triumph.

I am aware that this was the first time that the world had been circumnavigated in less than ten days. Since the moon takes a month for the same journey, I admit that this is tolerably fast traveling. I am more painfully aware, however, that there is no finality to this feat. Somebody will attempt to do the same thing in seven days and somebody else will succeed in doing it, which will immediately suggest that it should be done in five. By diminishing degrees the days will be shortened, and the absurdity of the performance will become progressively apparent. And at last some inspired aeronaut will discover that the straight line is still the shortest distance between two points and the dizzy days of tail-chasing will be over.

They will endure, however, until it is no longer possible to make an airplane flight from obscurity to the front pages of the New York newspapers. And in the meanwhile we shall witness some fearful and wonderful things. There will be the great Pole to Pole flight, sponsored by the National Ice Association or some other disinterested scientific institution. There will be the non-stop flight on a single sardine sandwich from Hoboken to Honolulu. There will be a good-will flight from Washington to the Cocoa-Keeling Islands, with stop-over privileges at Sarawak, Singapore, Spitzbergen and South Bend. There will be the all-ocean flight, done in a land plane to make it more interesting, which will start at Cape Farewell, Greenland, and surround Cape Horn on the way to the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. And eventually, of course, somebody will take off for the moon, in a rocket plane propelled through space by kicking itself in the seat of the pants.

It is fashionable, I am afraid, to deplore over-emphasis. But it may also be necessary, particularly if spectacular nonsense is disturbing too seriously the public sense of proportion and distracting too much attention from honest business. The coming of the circus is supposed to do a town or city very little economic good. A perpetual circus, I submit, is doing the business and industry of aviation no little damage.

For this we may be grateful, I think, to a commercial conspiracy of ballyhoo which has descended on aviation as the hot-dog vendors flock to a flying field. The space-eating syndicate features, the ethereal voices of the radio trust, the artless advertisers are all insisting that science is served, industry advanced and the brotherhood of man promoted by performances that in themselves are useless and even ridiculous. They shout so loud that the still small voice of common sense is muted. If it were not for the saving fact that they are so soon shouting about something else, civilization would either break a blood vessel and die of apoplexy or become so burdened with boredom that the wheels of industry would slow down and possibly stick fast in a perpetual depression.

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It may be demonstrated, I think, without difficulty that this remarkable round-the-world flight, like others gone before and more to come, contributed nearly nothing to my personal well-being or yours and bestowed no blessing upon posterity. It made no difference to the international debt settlements, the price of silver, the Republican prospects for 1932 or the high cost of living. It solved neither the farm problem nor the Einstein formula, nor convinced the Zionists that the world is not so flat as it seems. If it made the globe smaller, as is freely alleged, the effect is not yet apparent in freight rates or the time it takes for a chicken to cross the road. It was, apparently, not much fun even for the bold men who made it. What they saw of the world on the way around it, through fog and darkness and bad weather, was about as comprehensive and inspiring as a marine's impressions of foreign parts as seen through a particularly small porthole.

So it must be that its services, if any, were on behalf of the science and art of aviation itself. As a typical back-seat driver in the aeronautical industry, who has flown both hither and yon and played poker with some of the best pilots in the business, I can discover only one respect in which this incredible performance has done aviation any positive good. It has proved, I think, beyond peradventure that a modern airplane engine will run until it stops. If this particular motor had stopped, possibly above the Pacific or the wastes of Siberia, there would have been no new record and no overtime employment for the street-cleaning department of New York City. But it didn't stop. This, if you please, is the miracle of the flight, plus the fact that two married men can stay away from home for nine days or thereabouts and no questions asked, and can find their way from here to there without benefit of traffic policemen.

How does this help aviation? Possibly by giving a modicum of encouragement to those timid souls who think that something unpleasant is sure to happen if they take both feet off the ground at once. The same lesson was preached more effectively by last spring's demonstration of the Army Air Corps, whose thousand motors went millions of miles without failing or faltering. A psychological hindrance to aeronautical progress was made of less effect by the flight of the Winnie Mae. Is that all, and is it enough?

I have heard one other answer — that this was a pioneer flight, blazing a trail which thousands of wings may follow. Unfortunately, this is not true. It will be just as difficult to fly round the world tomorrow as it was last June. There was no blazing of trails, no staking out of new territory, no building of outposts on the frontiers of civilization. This was not true pioneering, simply because it was the first time the thing was done. And the fact that it has been done makes it no easier to do it again, as other fliers will find out. If an airway is ever laid out around the world, it will not be because the Winnie Mae has beaten a path through the wilderness of the upper air. It will be because motors are made better, planes built stronger and faster, and money spent freely

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to link the world's airports and landing fields in closer chains. It will not happen unless somebody can discover a good reason for going round the world in nine days or less. And this is not what Post and Gatty set out to find; certainly they did not come back with it.

We might wonder a moment what aviation needs most, and then decide whether the greatest feat in flying history did anything about it. And we discover at once that aviation needs more than anything else a bumper crop of cash customers. It needs them, indeed, much more than it needs heroes, of which it has almost a superfluity. And I think it quite safe to say that the gulf at present between air transport and a profitable business was not bridged by the flight around the world. Possibly it was broadened a little, for my personal reaction to the perils and discomforts of the flight is the conviction that I wouldn't care for it.

For you will recall that nothing was said at the time of the flight of its safety, its ease, its enjoyable elements or the extraordinary advantages of seeing the world from the sky. It was impressed upon us all, indeed, that this was a deucedly dangerous and uncomfortable experience for the intrepid pilots and that therefore they deserved our unstinted admiration and applause. So they did, but this does not stimulate the public appetite for air transport. In days of old, far back in 1925, for instance, air field operators discovered by experience that stunt flying attracted crowds but not customers. The public came, saw, bought a hot-dog sandwich, and went home with its money in its pocket.

Safety and not stunts, regularity and not records, conservative flying and not wing-walking are what encourage the tourist and the traveler to take to the air. And aviation needs cash customers very badly. It needs lower costs and steadier schedules, not races, records and parades. It needs, moreover, to stop chasing its tail.

For it is perfectly apparent to the innocent bystander that Alcock and Brown's flight of ten years ago across the broad Atlantic, which was as great a feat in its time as this one, did nothing whatever to make me a patron of air transport. Nor did the four-weeks endurance flight, nor the fact that somebody has stood an airplane on its ear in some fourteen hundred consecutive loops. If and whenever I travel by air, it is because it is quicker, cheaper or more comfortable to do so, and not because dozens of planes have set out for Europe and a few have got there. The fact that Post and Gatty have flown around the world makes it no easier for me to fly to Indiana to see my Aunt Emma, supposing I have an Aunt Emma, particularly since both of us probably live safely away from an airline and air terminal. Not even an altitude flight in an autogiro nor a new speed record in a monoplane built like a bullet can cure the fact that trains, buses, automobiles and ships will take me where I want to go at a price I can pay, which airplanes usually can't and don't. When they do, you and I will patronize them.

It seems outrageous to say that an

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industry may have too many brave spirits and great achievements for its own good. But it seems suspiciously that way with aviation. The emphasis is wrong, whoever made it so. While it remains that way the general public will still be wondering what airplanes are really for. Are they intended primarily to chase their tails around the world and back again? Are they designed principally to fly circles around an airport for a month or more, taking on fuel and chicken sandwiches at intervals, in order to stretch an endurance record by an hour or so? Are they competing with the flagpole sitters, the marathon dancers and the merry-go-rounds of the amusement parks, or are they offering a genuine and useful service to civilization?

THERE would be little doubt of the answer if aviation would stop chasing its tail. The answer, indeed, is with us now, for there may be a million air passengers this year in the United States alone, at a time when other transportation utilities are crying bitterly over lost customers. There is an amazing and increasing mileage of airmail service and express deliveries by air. But when an airplane gets its picture in the papers it is usually because it has done something silly, which is no real encouragement to a sound business. Publicity seekers, conscienceless advertisers and artists in ballyhoo buy or borrow airplanes for their spectacular possibilities and not to make real use of them. And even a round-the-world race against the clock and calendar discovers no new use for aircraft and encourages no new customers for air transport. It would be equally reasonable, indeed, for the Pennsylvania Railroad to race a train from New York to St. Louis and back again without passengers or freight, in order to promote commutation by rail between Philadelphia and Paoli, Pennsylvania.

Only in insignificant degree have the record flights been converted to real usefulness. Some have served for laboratory tests, as automobile racing once stimulated the building of better, faster and safer cars. But most of them have been seven-day sensations for a thrill-thirsty public and not much more. Some of the most elaborate and expensive have proved nearly nothing except — for example — that there is ice at the Pole in superfluous quantities. Many have ended in disaster and dark tragedy. And some have ended exactly where they began, leaving the world no wiser nor better nor happier for an incredible effort and a daring challenge to chance and danger.

IT WILL be said in rebuttal, no doubt, that speed is an essential of today's civilization and that the modern man wants to go round the world in a week if he can. Most of those who say so, do it from the comfort of a chair and have no real intention of going anywhere. And even this apotheosis of speed is likely to prove a fantasy at last. The hurrying on our highways, railways and waterways has already discovered that there is usually not much need for haste. Not long ago a man broke all records of his time by racing from Los Angeles to London within a week. It is recorded that he spent the following week waiting for the world to catch up to him.

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A mere minimum amongst us must live, work and travel at top speed, and these also approximate the performance and appearance of the little dog chasing his tail and hoping he won't catch it. But the majority of us have still some appetite and aptitude for leisure and slow motion. Call it laziness, if you like, but it may some day and soon be considered respectable. And even when we are briefly in a hurry, it is not to get around the world and back again.

But probably the world flights will go on and on until there is nowhere else to go. The season for contemplation comes round regularly every spring, when pilots line the shores of the continents and contemplate jumping off. Their problem becomes daily more difficult, as the routes are preëmpted. For there is little fun and less fame in flying an old trail, though presumably there was once some point in following it. And ultimately, no doubt, the ambitious pilot will have no better choice than the man who recently drove an automobile backwards from coast to coast. Nobody knows why he did it, except that nobody had ever done it before.

Doe

By Frances M. Frost

Leaf-shadowed and following slowly the ways of the wood,
The doe walks now who once was swift as light
Flung through the patterned boughs. The body that softly stood
With tremulous flanks in the grass at the edge of night
When Spring was young, and drifted like a leaf
Into the chill green dusk, now journeys slowly
Beneath the boughs and the sunlight and the brief
Delirious bird. Now like all creatures, lowly,
Wide-eyed and humble, laden with life, the blowing
Body is brought to earth, the will is bent.
Patient and certain and slow is the way of her going
Into the summer's fiery and sweet content.

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A Laborer's Leisure

By Ralph Aiken

In a sequel to his recent article Mr. Aiken discusses activities that will be open to men when the Machine no longer permits them to work

In an article in The North American Review recently I pointed out the steady progress of automatic machinery ever since Watt invented the steam engine. And as a result of this progress the last ten years have seen the functions of labor changing with amazing rapidity. There are many indications that we are approaching a time when the machine will release practically all men from the necessity of physical labor; when freedom in its most dangerous form, an excess of leisure, will be given to the human race.

Under the threat of this truly magnificent opportunity for progress or retrogression it is no idle task to look around and see what forces for good or evil are present in the situation. There is so much possible good to be developed from unlimited leisure. And there is so much danger of parasitism in prolonged unemployment under a dole system. There is always, too, the chance of turbulence in idleness without government assistance. Familiarity with a few possible developments in the future can be no loss to any of us and the possibilities of social readjustment in the course of the Twentieth Century are not only extraordinary but fascinating as well.

The first simple fact that meets our attention is the impossibility of stopping the machine. When a machine is invented to wrap chewing gum at the rate of 100,000 sticks an hour nobody on earth will ever again employ girls to wrap at the same cost perhaps one or two thousand sticks an hour. The girls must go; the machine stays.

And from this fact the questions arise, will the girls be able to employ their time in some fashion by which they may still profit, or will they be supported by a sad and degenerating dole as their numbers increase, or will they unite in mobs to upset the constitutional order of things?

Confining attention to possibilities, we might try to answer the first question and discover what chances the leisured proletariat may have for turning up new employment.

There is one individual who will always be at work. The machine tender who stands idle while the machine makes money and who works

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like sixty when the machine breaks down and stops making money, will always have a job. He really earns his pay only when he has nothing to do, but at least he has a daily duty to perform and a sound sense of employment.

If enough machines can be brought into activity, machine tending and repair might absorb a goodly share of the men and women whom the automatic machine displaces. But what a tremendous production would be necessary to ensure the operation of so many machines! Already one man can attend to forty automatic looms and the forty weavers who used to operate their individual looms a hundred or more years ago would now have to be supplied with 1,600 looms to keep them all as busy as they used to be. And where in the world would we sell the cloth that all the weavers of a hundred years ago could produce today? Or where shall we sell the cloth that the weavers of today will be able to produce tomorrow?

OF COURSE, we must remember that there are about two billion people on the earth and most of them are scantily clad. A demand for "pants" among the natives of Patagonia might produce a stir of trade on the East Side of New York City at any time. If the Patagonians wanted "pants" and had the money to pay for them the East Side would be pleased, and would get to work at once to supply them. In the same way if half a billion people from Nova Zembla to Tristan Da Cunha felt it necessary to have a really adequate wardrobe, the automatic looms of Europe and America might hustle for a century and fail to meet the demand. There is almost no possibility of satisfying the desire for the goods of this world if people might really get what they wanted.

THE trouble is that they can not. The natives of Asia, Africa and South America can make no return to us for supplying them with silk hats, frock coats and rayon underwear. Three hundred years ago the European asked for a gold nugget when he gave the simple aborigine merely a bit of looking-glass. Our expectations have been somewhat modified, it is true, but we still look for gold in return for goods and if not gold, then a suitable credit in our own monetary system. Even that is beyond reason. The simple native can only stare vacantly at the flashing luxuries displayed to him and pass them up as quite beyond his reach. He has naught wherewith to pay for them.

Yet there are several possible ways of effecting a sale without money. In our ferreting out jobs for the idle by speeding up production it may be interesting to consider one.

Hardly anybody is more desperate than the manufacturer with a battery of beautiful machines all ready to turn out floods of goods, and yet without a reasonable consumer in sight — a consumer, that is, who can make a return for his purchases. In such circumstances the manufacturer is willing to go to great lengths in order to keep his factory busy. He will indulge in diplomacy and intrigue if it will prevent the stagnation and ruin of his business.

It may occur to him, and indeed, it has occurred to him before now,

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that if people cannot buy because they have no money, they can be forced to buy even without any money. A loan of a billion dollars or more to the Chinese Government for the purpose of purchasing a variety of supplies in the United States might be a very good thing. It would speed up American industry. And then when the goods were shipped to China they would of necessity find their way into use somehow, even if the Chinese Government had to sell them at a tenth of their cost. Loans of this type have been forced before and may be forced again.

WHEN, after a while, the Chinese Government defaults on payments, the United States taxpayer must stand the strain. He never could be made to unless he were deluded or kept in the dark as in time of war. Indeed, the economic conditions would be similar. There is much hectic prosperity in time of war and nobody objects to that. There would be plenty of prosperity while supplying China or the rest of the world with goods on credit, and the outcome of a final reckoning would be uncertain. In the last analysis we would be giving our products away and the loss might be no greater than the alternate of an enormous dole paid out to millions of unemployed.

If such a development were fostered we would have the American manufacturer offering his Asiatic neighbor not a piece of looking-glass for a gold nugget but automobiles and other things at less than cost. Such benevolence in supplying our backward brothers with the good things they have always lacked and at a price which they can afford to pay might be brought about by the stern economic pressure of desperate unemployment. It is an interesting possibility and might result in an enormous expansion of industry and the absorption of displaced labor over a long period of time.

Should it be impossible, however, to keep up employment by stimulating world-wide consumption in such a fashion or some other, we must return to our original question and ask what other substitute for his lost labor the ousted worker may discover.

It is likely that he can find none. The machine will not permit him to work with his hands except to a limited extent. Either the hours of labor, already dwindled to two-thirds of their length a century ago, will further decline and an eight-hour day give employment to four men with two hours each on duty, thus dividing a high wage into quarters; or else some of the population will work steadily and the rest do nothing, obtaining their support from a dole. In either case we will see a tremendous increase of leisure given to the worker.

FOR the past 50,000 years a man has had to work hard to maintain himself and his family. The signs of the times are that he will be shortly deprived of this reason for existence. He will simply not be able to maintain himself any longer. He must look for his maintenance to the operations of machinery. And he must learn to do without work except for the love of it. Whether he will successfully learn such a hard lesson it is

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impossible to say. Will leisure degenerate or will it inspire its possessors? This is indeed the most vital question to be answered by the future.

Some seventeen hundred years ago the largest city in the world provided for an enormous number of unemployed. In the year 230 there were thousands of citizens in Rome who stood daily in line for their bread, meat, and wine, and did nothing whatever in return for it. And these parasites upon the State existed in their generations for hundreds of years. To keep them happy and amuse them the government presented free circuses and public displays of butchery. There was nothing else to interest them or occupy their leisure.

For even the most idle men and women must employ their thoughts. However reptilian they may be in poetic simile, human beings are not so in their minds; they can not lie all day in the coma of a crocodile or of a boa constrictor; they must be up to something. And like the ancient Romans, the modern idle will be doing what they should not do if they follow their natural tendencies. They will seek entertainment and the more drastic its form the better. Of course, they will drink as they have always done to escape the oppression of existence. They will further mock Prohibition if it is possible to mock it further. But they may also remove the deeper prohibitions in decency and clean-living and bring debauchery and vice and civic weakness openly to the front, as they did to a great extent in ancient Rome.

But this is the Twentieth Century and though evil possibilities are as prevalent as ever, yet things are better than they were in Roman times. For one thing, radio, magazines, and other channels of thought transference provide a means of encouragement that the Romans lacked. When the unemployed are permanently with us they may be invited some day to listen in for an hour and learn some new game or gadget just to while away the time. From that it is but a step to teaching them things — not anything of practical value, but merely what will interest and amuse them. They may be persuaded to devote a little of their idleness to learning some history, to acquiring another language, to developing a latent talent. They may be taught to make things with their hands (not anything to sell, good heavens; the machine will take care of all that) but something made just for the love of it, an object of art, however humble, created with no ulterior motive.

The more poverty-stricken the student or craftsman the less he is interested in any sort of learning that does not materially improve his condition. It would be ironical, no doubt, to take a number of "unemployed, buy apples, 5¢" and teach them the main facts of biology and the ascent of man. The idea of coming up through millions of years merely to stand on a street corner beside a box of fruit would madden the most idealistic.

But the unemployed at present are still trying to earn and that deadly necessity must oppress and absorb their thoughts to the exclusion of all desire for culture for its own sake. When men and women are steadily supplied with the bare

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necessities of life they may be more readily interested in unpractical learning. So much depends on how they are approached. As a matter of profit they will learn with some eagerness, as a matter of course they will go like children to school, as a matter or mental improvement they will prefer to let the idle hours fly.

EVEN with a lack of appreciation for studies, training can be made to do wonders. Do young people go to college nowadays as a natural expectation or from a desire for learning? Even so, the unemployed can be led to expect some sort of mental exercise. Their leisure must be filled for good or for bad and it can be utilized to improve their minds. While a cultured proletariat is a matter for cynics to sneer over, it is not an impossibility in a machine age. Leisure for a few has produced great works in the past. Leisure for the many ought to produce even greater works in the future.

It must be admitted that, like the idle of ancient Rome, the unemployed around the world today fail to appreciate their opportunities. We may see them moping in bread lines and on street corners but we do not see them using their golden hours in the pursuit of learning. There are plenty of free public classes for adults but unemployment has not crowded them. And, without encouragement, it never will. If the worker must retire into those realms of thought that are not mechanical and use his brains instead of his hands, it is quite likely that the wheels of industry will cease to turn and society lapse into its primitive condition of toil before the deckhand or the ditch digger will voluntarily consent to such a change of life.

The British Government has been partially supporting a couple of million men for the past ten years and requiring absolutely no return from them for this support. Surely no able-bodied person has a right to expect a pension; it is meant for old people and invalids, for those who are incapacitated. If there is no profitable work for a man to do, let him sing a comic song, or turn a handspring, or do anything to show that he is not rotting away with parasitism.

But people can not be driven. They can only be persuaded. And, of course, it may be impossible to persuade the unemployed to go to work with their minds. Can we imagine a system of doles wherein the recipient must be required to exhibit some intellectual proficiency or some crude work of art before he may receive his subsistence from the government? We can imagine it, but that is about all.

NO POPULAR government can ever afford to be a hard taskmaster and people have to be driven to work, no matter what kind of work it is. Starvation seems to be the only force sufficiently potent to drive them. Dr. Samuel Johnson did no literary work after he received his pension, so can we expect Patrick O'Dowd, recently carrying bricks, to exert himself and become a student or craftsman when he is getting enough to live on from the government without doing anything? We can not, and he will not.

The likelihood is that those who

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lose their jobs to machinery will form a large class of parasites and accomplish nothing but degeneracy in their idleness. But the point to remember is that they do not need to. There never was so much knowledge available as there is now or so many interesting studies to follow. And though the number of people who wish to learn is small, there are certainly more of them now than ever before in the history of the world. Because some thousands do wish to develop intellectually, there is the possibility that the leisure granted by machinery can be turned into a golden opportunity if the unemployed are now and in the future tactfully encouraged and influenced.

As for tendencies to revolution, they seemed to be largely checked by the payment of doles. People must be starving in large number in order to riot effectively and the modern state does not permit it. We may rather expect society to disintegrate slowly and painfully before all government ends in chaos through the will of the people. A universal war with irreparable ruin is more likely.

The spiritual purpose of the machine, if such a phrase can be used, is to liberate human beings so they may devote their efforts to something above the physical. If it fails to accomplish this purpose, if it deprives men and women of honest labor only to let them deteriorate from idleness, the Machine Age may well mark the close of our present civilization. If, on the other hand, we are able to appreciate the gift of leisure and use the time to work with our minds instead of our hands the Machine Age may mark the beginning of an era in which we improve not only our standard of living but also our quality of thought.

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What's Wrong with the Women?

By Louise Maunsell Field

Whose observations on the men in fiction roused so much interest last spring

The female has always been the debated sex. Men and women alike have usually taken men so much for granted that even so marked an alteration as that discussed in a recent North American Review article, the transformation of the leading male character in modern masculine fiction from hero into jellyfish, seemed about to pass almost unnoticed. But any change in the prevailing feminine type is practically certain to attract criticism (usually unfavorable) and no one who is not deaf and dumb, as well as stone blind, can deny that in action, speech and bearing, the outstanding variety of the womanhood of today is very unlike its predecessors.

In magazine and newspaper articles, in non-fiction books of all sorts, and in novels written by men, we hear a great deal about the so-called modern woman. Her independence, her frankness, her insistence on her right to self-expression, her radical views on sex relations in general and marriage and divorce in particular, are belittled and belauded. Not infrequently, in men's novels, her porcupine or armadillo quality is contrasted with the molluscish flabbiness of the male. But what about the novels written by women? How do women producers of serious fiction view their own sex, concerning which they may reasonably be supposed to know more than any man could be expected even to guess?

Since men are presenting men as such extremely poor fish, you would naturally expect to find, in accordance with the rule of contrast, the heroines of women's novels appearing as something like a cross between the shark, the whale and the sea serpent. And since in real life women have become doctors and dentists, astronomers and biologists, law makers and law breakers, ministers and bootleggers, you'd suppose that the heroine of a woman's novel would follow some profession, that she would at the very least be an interior decorator or an expert pickpocket, if not a singer, painter, writer or musician, have some especial aim in life, be interested in ideas if not in ideals. You wouldn't be at all astonished if she proved a woman of many *affaires*, and you'd be prepared to accept calmly her desire or even

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her decision to embrace motherhood without matrimony. You would expect her, in short, to be in some degree or manner representative of that modern woman you find praised or condemned almost everywhere else. But is she?

She is not.

TAKE a group of the outstanding serious novels recently published by women writers, and see how many specimens of the supposedly typical, Twentieth Century woman you can find. You'll be surprised. For if the male novelist has cold chills at the mere thought of presenting a genuinely heroic hero, the female of the species has suddenly begun to treat the supposedly typical modern woman as if she were some particularly unpleasant kind of contagious disease, running away from her just as fast and as far as she can. To avoid approaching her, the woman novelist will retreat into the fastnesses of China, as Pearl S. Buck did with that very fine and impressive novel, *The Good Earth*. O-lan, moreover, isn't merely Chinese. She is a Chinese peasant woman, a former slave, unable to read or write, the descendant and exact replica of generations of the hard-working, patient, and utterly submissive. Reading about her, you ache with pity; but you certainly can't call her the least bit modern. There isn't even a trace of "New China" about her. She is completely primitive in her slow-witted, passive endurance.

Of course, all feminine novelists can't manage to go as far as China. Some of them find equally effective refuge from the modern woman simply by slipping back into the past, as does Beatrice Tunstall. Her lovable, warm-hearted, strong-souled Elizabeth Threadgold is completely Victorian, and could scarcely be anything else, since *The Shiny Night* is a vivid and fascinating picture of life in England's beautiful Vale Royal, from the time of Victoria's accession to her Diamond Jubilee. And incidentally, what a comfort it must be to a novelist to be able to fall back on parental authority as a means of disturbing the course of true (or untrue) love! There are obvious advantages in returning to the Nineteenth Century, apart from the opportunity it affords of avoiding the modern woman.

BUT since the Victorian influence lasted so long, it isn't absolutely necessary to go back to the middle of the last century, either in time or space. The "Gay Nineties," will do almost as well, or even the early part of the present century. Margaret Ayre Barnes' prize novel, *Years of Grace*, opening towards the close of the Victorian Period, has for its heroine a woman possessed of all those convictions concerning duty and the clear-cut difference between right and wrong which the modern woman, so at least we are often told, has entirely discarded. When Jane Ward falls in love with the customary "other man," she remains with her husband, instead of gayly departing with her lover. Only when the younger generation appears upon the scene are matrimonial partners exchanged cheerily, with complete lightness of heart and no heaviness of conscience. But this same younger generation is touched hesitantly, and with obvious reluctance. As for

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Dorothy Canfield's latest heroine, Matey Gilbert, she is younger than Mrs. Barnes' Jane Ward, and seems to feel compelled to show some signs of changed conditions in her own person, instead of leaving all that to her offspring. Nevertheless, when she goes to work in a savings bank, it is her husband's bank she goes to, and his society she goes in. Which really isn't so acutely modern, after all.

THEN consider Ray Schmidt, the sloppily acquiescent heroine of Fannie Hurst's interminable novel, a woman as primitive as O-lan, though far less appealing, and as Victorian as Elizabeth Threadgold, though without a scrap of Elizabeth's charm. It is true that she is in business before she becomes about the most economically "kept" woman in fiction. But even Miss Matty of *Cranford*, you will remember, sold tea and comfits when the failure of the county bank swept away the greater part of her income, and Ray, like Miss Matty, hadn't any man to depend upon. Like so many heroines of this season's crop of women's novels, Ray belongs to the last century. She only straggles on into this, as weakly sentimental as any heart-throb song. Some women writers, however, have courage enough not to make even the tacit apology of place or period for their choice of a non-modern heroine. Witness Miss E. H. Young's altogether enchanting *Miss Mole*, the exhilarating heroine of an entirely delightful book. Hannah Mole, compelled to earn her bread and butter, does it by the completely Victorian, Charlotte Brontë-ish method of going into other people's homes as housekeeper and companion. But hers is that gift of imagination, that blessed sense of humor, that relish for human foibles and inconsistencies which obliterates the centuries. She shares with Elizabeth Bennett something of the sparkling quality which makes Jane Austen's most adorable heroine as charming today as ever she was. It is true that Hannah Mole had a tolerance Elizabeth lacked, the real tolerance which is born only of experience, not the mere spineless and lazy indifference which so often usurps the name. But if Hannah's view of her own love affair is taken from a much modified Twentieth Century angle, she is generally speaking, an entirely old-fashioned, "womanly woman," even in her fibs. A good deal less charming, and even less modern, is that Harriette Holt who disliked being called "Blossom," and is the heroine of Susan Glaspell's somewhat sentimental eulogy of the responsibility-shedding, prodigal male, *Ambrose Holt and Family*.

BUT where, among all these, is any faintest indication of the much-discussed, radically changed position of women? Any hint of the innumerable opportunities now said to be open to women? Any trace of interest, so far as these heroines are concerned, in the questions agitating a distraught world? Any shadow of those wider, more impersonal interests women are now supposed to possess? Matey Gilbert departs for France shortly after the outbreak of the World War, but her reasons are entirely personal. She goes because the Vinets are her dear friends,

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not because the Germans had despised a treaty as a mere scrap of paper. Only that merciless caricature, the preposterous heroine of Gertrude Atherton's *The Sophisticates*, makes even a pretence of being interested in the ideas agitating the world outside her own little circle, and none save the ultra-naïve could possibly take her seriously.

An entirely personal, exclusive and excluding interest in the concerns of her own home and family and friends is, we are often told, one among the many defects of the old-fashioned woman eliminated from and by her Twentieth Century sister. The latter has, it is frequently said, learned to discuss impersonal affairs impersonally, giving genuine heed to much that does not impinge directly on her own life. But not one of these women's novels gives any decided indication of anything of the sort. On the contrary, the women depicted in the more important of the recent novels written by women are as home-and-family centred as any Victorian of them all. Take away their cigarettes, and they would fit perfectly into Nineteenth Century fiction.

In articles and essays, the ignorance and silliness of many of the old-time heroines is often contrasted with the trained intelligence of the modern woman. Yet not Dickens' Dora, not even Evelina herself is more imbecile than that prize ninny, Sally Field, though her creator, Elizabeth Hamilton Herbert, apparently regards her as quite irresistible, and makes no less than three of the Fletcher brothers, the *Happy Sinner* included, fall more or less in love with her. But could anything female be less like the frank, independent, clear-sighted and clear-brained young woman who is, or so at least we have had dinned into our ears, the fine flower of the Twentieth Century? We still read articles dealing with the problems of the woman who tries to combine a profession with children and a husband; but so far as our women novelists are concerned, she has apparently ceased to exist. Those of their heroines who are compelled to earn their own living, do so reluctantly, and drop their work without a moment's argument or hesitation. Matey sheds her teaching at the call of matrimony; Ray leaves business willingly when Walter Saxel lifts his finger. The preternaturally precocious, utterly egotistical Philippa of Anne Douglas Sedgwick's disappointing novel does manifest a slight interest in architecture, but her real concern is concentrated on her supposedly irresistible and exceptionally disagreeable self.

Why this sudden reversion? What's wrong with the women? Surely there must be drama, adventure, conflict in plenty for the novelist to write about in the lives of such business and professional women as those whose achievements are recounted in newspapers and magazine articles! What about the woman politician we used occasionally to meet in fiction, and still encounter in real life? Where is the social worker, the physician, the writer? Why, even the actress seems to have renounced her profession, and the trade union leader to have gone back home!

The hero, banished from so-called

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serious fiction, has found refuge in the crime story; not so the modern woman, scarcely less an outcast. When women write crime stories, the criminals and detectives alike are almost invariably men. Joanna Cannan's fine psychological study of murder, *No Walls of Jasper*, concerns a murderer, not a murderess, and though Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' Letty Lynton does administer poison, it is in a thoroughly Victorian manner, and only because the man on whose help she depended wasn't there to give her the assistance she wanted. It is true that F. Tennyson Jesse's *Solange Stories* show a woman in the rôle of professional detective, but Solange Fontaine depends for her success, not on close reasoning, hard work or scientific study, but on an intuition of evil which rarely fails her. And if "intuition" isn't a typical, pet possession of the Nineteenth Century female, what is? Though it is Aunt Hattie, not the detective on the case, who discovers the truth about *Murder in a Haystack*, the handling of that discovery is the weakest part of Dorothy Aldis' entertaining story.

MANY a doctor's plate is inscribed with a feminine name; but when Helen Simpson needs a physician to explain the reason why *The Prime Minister Is Dead*, she chooses a masculine one, the very likable Dr. James Stringfellow. Elizabeth Gill uses a detective with the rather unusual name of Benvenuto Brown to untangle the mystery of *The Crime Coast*, while Margery Allingham's ingenious puzzle, *The Gyrth Challice Mystery*, is solved by a professional investigator, Albert Campion. Although Dorothy L. Sayers has deserted, it is to be hoped only temporarily, her favorite Lord Peter Wimsey, it is no female sleuth, but Paul Harrison, son of the dead man, who presents *The Documents in the Case*. The very much involved events which led to *The Murder of Lalla Lee* are successfully traced by the plump and efficient O. Wimble, known, Helen Burnham tells us, as "One Week Wimble," and the successful detective of one of the best murder stories of the season, Anne Austin's *Murder at Bridge*, is the already well known Bonnie Dundee, whose Christian name is James. In real life, women detectives exist, and Scotland Yard apparently finds them useful; but they are far from popular with women writers. Mystery and detective stories give shelter to the hero; not to the modern woman.

PERHAPS the most striking thing about the serious novels written by women is the way their heroines remain, not merely remote from the world of changing ideas, but almost as unaffected by it as if they belonged to another universe. In fact, the only women in whom women fiction writers seem interested are those in whom non-fiction writers are not interested at all. All sorts of new theories are being proclaimed concerning the education of children, yet scarcely so much as an echo of them sounds in any of these novels. The institution of marriage is being challenged on every side, both theoretically and in practice. Clever young men write about *The Bankruptcy of Marriage*, and women uphold *The Right to Happiness*, but the woman novelist's heroine ignores

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all such questioning. In real life, women can be and often are responsible citizens; the woman novelist's heroine shows no shadow of interest in national or even in civic questions. Though she can't remain entirely oblivious of the World War, it affects her only through her personal relationships. The world of today is a world of question and transition; of crumbling standards, of doubts and denials; a world of mental turmoil and economic uncertainty; a world terribly conscious of an all-pervading lack of security, strewn with the wreckage of beliefs, moral, social, religious. Where, among all the novels cited, is a trace of any of this to be found? A very little of it does, at the last, disturb the current of *The Deepening Stream;* elsewhere, it produces hardly so much as a ripple.

YET these women writers are far too intelligent to be unperceptive; far too conscientious to be consciously untruthful. They appeal, all of them, to large audiences. If the women they depict are women whose interests are not merely centred in but entirely confined to personal relationships, if their heroines remain all but completely untouched by those swirling currents of thought which are producing so many intellectual whirlpools, is it because women really are like that? Because the professional, artistic, intellectual woman, the woman of the so-called intelligentsia, is only acting a part, though perhaps unconsciously, simulating interests and ambitions she does not genuinely feel? Or is it, which seems far more probable, a matter of proportion?

For when numbers are considered, it must be admitted that these women we call "modern" represent but a small fraction of their sex. They are the exception, always so much more noticeable than the average. The majority of women today, as yesterday and the day before and the day before that, can find thrills in a new embroidery stitch, but not in a new theory of the universe. We liked to believe that the average had acquired new interests, wider than those of their predecessors, that though many women might remain at home physically, they journeyed afar mentally. Have they grown weary, or worse still, discouraged? Readers enjoy identifying themselves with the characters in their favorite novels; the degree of satisfactoriness attending that identification is often the degree of the novel's popularity. Is it laziness, or incapacity welcoming escape from effort and pretence that has brought about the revival of the old-fashioned heroine, door-mattishness and all? Or has the viewpoint been entirely wrong, and the much discussed changed position of woman been really a change in the position of only a very few women?

MANY years ago, Thackeray asserted that women preferred the "heroic female character," to the "kind, fresh, smiling, artless, tender little domestic goddess," adored by men. Today, curiously enough, the tender, smiling little idiot seems to be at a discount, as far as men's novels are concerned, though more or less modified she dominates those of women. Is there perhaps some hideous taint in the modern women

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of keen intelligence and broad interests which only women are able to perceive? It hardly appears possible that all the professional, charitable, artistic and intelligent women, all the women who take any part, active or passive, in the world of ideas and speculations, of changing thought and changing attitude of mind, have suddenly become so innately poisonous they can not safely be handled, even with tongs! Then why do women writers boycott them?

Because, if not poisonous, they are something far worse; they are out of fashion. Like short skirts and short hair. They are out, partly because they were so completely, extraordinarily in. And they were extraordinarily in because they represented, not what the average woman was, but what she fancied she wanted to be. If they are now *démodées*, it is because it took too much mental effort for the average woman to live up to them, too great a strain on her imagination. These recent heroines, with their far less exacting standards of intelligence, relieve her not only from all effort but from any sense of inferiority, since their good qualities are precisely those of which she is practically certain to believe herself already possessed. The change in clothes-fashions is only the outward symbol of one which is far deeper, far more radical; a change in admirations. And quick to feel, quick to respond to this change, women novelists have reinvested the old-fashioned woman who has suddenly become the newest fashioned woman with that rôle of heroine from which she was so joyfully ousted.

The Queen is dead. Long live the Queen!

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THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

THE American jazz no longer shatters the peace of the Kurpark, and there are no sounds excepting the pecking away of the Landscaper at his typewriter, the chitter of small birds in the underbrush, and the occasional klop-klop of not unduly energetic horses from the street below. For more than two hours, not an automobile has passed, this being the time of siesta, when none but your faithful correspondent in all Bad Kissingen is at work. There is an incredible peace about this little town in Northern Bavaria, removed by much more than mere space from the hurly-burly of the great cities; indeed, it is as peaceful as London on a Sunday afternoon, when one may slip off the sidewalks of Piccadilly into Green Park to discover scenes that for sheer quiet and natural beauty can hardly be matched anywhere. Never will this wanderer forget his last Sunday afternoon in Green Park during the recent visit to London; there was much wind in the trees, and the gaily colored wild duck swam through blown patterns on the water. He thought with more than a little sadness of Central Park and its Sunday litter, and wondered how long it would be in New York before all the domesticated wild-fowl that begged eagerly for bits of bread, would be caught and eaten, or if not eaten, at least killed. . . .

Moving on to Paris from London, in the company of an Englishman, the Landscaper heard it said that the French were wonderful because they had adopted the Machine Age without losing the Art of Living, which is a true saying, almost as true, perhaps, as the remark of still another Englishman, which was that the courtesy of the French had its rise in their innate inability to get along with other people — that they had had to devise an elaborate outward politeness to conceal their disagreeable qualities. It should be added, at this point, that these unpleasant qualities which have been so much in evidence in Paris the last few years are at the present moment by no means so prominent. A year ago, France was the only prosperous country in Europe; this year, she is feeling the pinch along with the rest, and the Americans are not pouring their millions into the pockets of the Paris shopkeepers. Ergo, there is a marked difference in the atmosphere; hotel

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bills are much more likely to be correct, and manners are far more agreeable. The *de luxe* shops are glad to see a customer, and are even inclined at times to help him find values, which is, it must be remarked in passing, quite different from the situation of a twelve-month since.

The Suffering Publishers

THE Landscaper spent the better part of a week in Paris attending the sessions of the International Publishers Congress, the first in ten years, and listening to publishers from many parts of Europe pour forth their woes. Publishers always have woes, of course, and perhaps the most striking feature of the meeting, aside from the more solid work of trying to settle important matters of copyright, was the fact that every one seemed to have the same troubles, the principal difficulty everywhere being that too many inferior books are published. This is a familiar plaint in the United States; it would be hard to find a publisher who would not agree that the list of every other publisher was far too long. At the bottom of the trouble lies one very simple fact, which is that not nearly enough really good books are being written at present to keep the elaborate machinery of publishing in motion. If one half the publishers were to retire at once, the situation might be eased somewhat, but how is the half to be chosen? It is like most problems, quite simple until the moment comes for putting the obvious solution into action.

In spite, however, of the extremely precarious state of publishing in all parts of the world, which has been the state of publishing since Gutenberg, if, indeed, it did not exist in China long before Gutenberg, a casual observer would have said that the publishers present at the conference were a well-dressed, well-fed lot, who seemed reasonably happy in a somewhat unsatisfactory world, and not at all likely to have to move into garrets and subsist on crusts. Irony aside, the very fact that several score of the leading publishers of the most important nations did meet in peace and amity for four days, and did decide to hold annual meetings in future, is at least one hopeful sign, in whatever degree of anxiety the authors may regard this closer banding together of the business men upon whom they must depend to get their art into the hands of the customers.

A Sad State of Affairs

WHAT of the literary landscape in France? This observer found two of the best-informed of his acquaintances in Paris profoundly pessimistic about the fiction outlook. Both agreed that the principal difficulty with the French novel of the times was its complete lack of blood and entrails; that the writers of the country had gone intellectual, had forgotten completely that the primary purpose of the novel was to take the reader out of himself, and were contenting themselves with thin technical exercises which, as often as not, had no great interest even for their fellow-professionals. One of the direct results of this situation, which leaves France's intelligent middle-class, buyers and readers of books, with-

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out satisfactory fiction, is that dozens of English and American novels are now being translated and published with success in France; indeed, the literary tide has turned, and it is safe to say that at present more foreign novels are finding readers in France than French novels are finding in America and England. Of course, the situation is different in these two countries; French translations are hard to sell in England for the very good reason that French books of any importance are read in the original.

France Looks Outward

THE influence of the Colonial Exposition may have something to do with the books of travel and exploration that just now fill the book shop windows of Paris, but whatever the cause, the French are going in for reading about far-away places. Films of the same variety attract great crowds, and in many instances there is a direct tie-up between the publication of a book and the showing of the film. Aside from this tendency, a visit to a number of bookstores disclosed to the Landscaper nothing more startling than the usual number of excellent books about art of one sort or another, admirably done, and reasonable in price. The vogue of the "picture-book," for which the Germans are largely responsible, is also in evidence in Paris. Most of the volumes on display originated in Germany, but the French are turning out some of their own, and it seems safe to prophesy a real future for the volume made up of unusually fine photographs satisfactorily reproduced, and at very low prices.

The Landscaper had a few hours in Frankfort-on-Main coming down from Paris to Bad Kissingen, and remembering at some time to have heard of the existence of a fine art museum in this most charming city, gathered together his handful of German words and set out in search of the building. It was not hard to find, and there was the great good luck of hitting upon a magnificent exposition of paintings by the artists who used to be called Modernists — Picasso, Picabia, Munch, Marc Chagall, Gauguin, Van Gogh, Cezanne, and going farther back to Renoir, Monet, and the rest. Perhaps such things have no place in the literary landscape; this reporter merely sets down his own unbounded delight in being able to view a whole artistic movement under one roof, in well-lighted, well-arranged rooms. The good burghers of Frankfort were enjoying the show; very few foreigners were in evidence, although any one interested in such matters might well have made a journey to Europe to see so extraordinary a collection of paintings, mostly in the hands of private owners, and therefore very difficult to see.

Where Life Is Lived

WANDERING out of the museum along the Main, the Landscaper was again struck with the *gemütlichkeit* of German cities; along the Main are many bath and boat houses and open air restaurants where one may spend a whole day in the open air at a very small cost, and in complete comfort. Cycling is possible, since Frankfort has not received the Fordian blessing of modern automobile traffic, and life moves

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gently and easily, although the city is, of course, important commercially. Here, as everywhere else in Germany, the love of the open air is strikingly manifested; clothing is dispensed with as far as possible — in many instances, as in the *nackt-cultur* colonies, which are increasing in size and importance, fig leaves are *verboten* — and the result is a nation of tanned, clear-skinned, vigorous looking people, who, despite their prevailing despondency concerning the economic future of the nation, seem so much healthier and happier than most Americans that any comparisons in this direction give one a distinct feeling of distress.

Lost and Found Heimat

If the patient readers of this department can stand one more digression, the Landscaper promises in the very next paragraph to get back to the mutton-chops, and not to mention anything except books for several pages at least. He has often wondered why so much of Europe found its way straight to his heart, and here, he guesses, is the answer — much of Europe is a quarter-century behind America in surrendering body and soul to the Machine Age. This puts the Landscaper back into the epoch of his childhood, for which there has always been a longing; a sort of homesickness that could not be satisfied, because a whole period had vanished. The South of the Landscaper's early years is two hundred years off, thanks to the evil genius of our Detroit wonder-worker; the charm that it had is on this side of the water. Perhaps no one else will be interested in this bit of self-revelation, but it does offer somewhat of an explanation for your correspondent's dissatisfaction with the current civilization of his native land, in which the real happiness of the individual seems to play so completely insignificant a part.

What London Is Reading

The books that London reads today will be read in America tomorrow, and perhaps some of the ones that are to be mentioned here will have already seen the light of day before this article appears. Once before the Landscaper mentioned the outstanding success of the spring season in England, *Hatter's Castle*, by A. J. Cronin. This very long and somewhat gloomy novel is by now a runaway; added to a chorus of praise from all the critics of any importance, it has the approval of the public as well. The Landscaper would not bet too much money on its success in America at the present time, but there is no doubt that it is an important piece of fiction, and one that will certainly reward the intelligent reader who seeks it out. It looks, too, as if the author might turn out to be one of the really important new figures in English fiction. Before leaving New York, a bookseller told the Landscaper he should read Beatrice Tunstall's *The Shiny Night*, and since booksellers are more often than not the best guides to reading matter, the Landscaper made a mental note of the suggestion. This novel is doing well in England, and is a remarkably fine piece of work, perhaps already lost in the dull season of the spring, but well worth searching out, especially for discriminating readers who enjoy

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being among the early discoverers of new talent. Among other recently published novels in England that promise to be of interest to America as well are Edward Knoblock's *The Man With Two Mirrors*, a well-written and exciting story in which a great deal happens, but in which incident does not outweigh good writing and careful drawing of character; and Anthony Powell's *Afternoon Men*, a "party" novel of London, in which Mr. Powell sets out to show the futility of promiscuous drinking and sexual relations, and does it with a savage intellectual coldness that makes his book as powerful a sermon against the misuse of the delightful things of life as may be found anywhere. Harold Nicholson called it a "party novel to end party novels"; it bears certain resemblances to Ernest Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises* both in style and philosophy, but is interesting and unusual enough in its own right. The striking title is, curiously enough, from *The Anatomy of Melancholy*.

A Novel of the Sea

One hears, too, that a well-established writer of sea stories known to all the readers of *Blackwood's* as Shalimar will shortly make his début in America with a first novel, called *The Yomah — and After*. Shalimar's real name is Captain F. C. Hendry, and the material in his many sea tales comes from first-hand experience; the author has retired after a lifetime of adventure to a small village in the north of Scotland, to devote all his time to writing. *The Yomah — and After* is a sea yarn after the Marryat tradition, straightforward and simple, with no emphasis on style, but with a good story, and a pleasantly old-fashioned air about its lack of literary swank. Shalimar bears an unblemished reputation among real sea-dogs; he has never been known to make a mistake in describing a sailing vessel. Other fiction of the moment, which we are certain to have a look at sooner or later, includes Arnot Robertson's third novel, *Four Frightened People*, a tale of adventure in the Malay jungles tensely dramatic and well-written; Compton MacKenzie's highly entertaining skit, *Buttercups and Daisies;* Sacheverel Sitwell's collection of short stories, *Far From My Home*, excellent stuff; and among innumerable detective stories, John Rhodes' *The Hanging Woman*, and Alan Thomas' *The Stolen Cellini*, the latter notable for the fact that it does not turn around a murder.

Treasures of the Future

Among forthcoming books about which this literary snooper has heard in advance will be the autobiography of young master William Gerhardi, one of the most brilliant of the writing men of our day, who, having reached the advanced age of thirty-five, has set down his life story to date, calling it *Adventures of a Polyglot*. A good deal of autobiographical material is to be found in Mr. Gerhardi's delightful novels, enough to guarantee the interest of the new book. It would be well to put a check-mark by this announcement, if you like really sophisticated reading and do not mind a seasoning of scandal. Quite another matter will be Sir Oliver Lodge's life story, which is to be called *Looking Back Over*

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Eighty Years, with the subtitle, *By One Who Has Always Looked Forward*. This record of a long life devoted to science, with, in its latter years, the addition of a keen interest in spiritualism, should be not only important, but highly interesting. Not yet Englished, but certain to be sooner or later, is a biography of *William the Conqueror* by Mme. Delarue-Mardrus, which the Landscaper skimmed in Paris and found excellent.

Some Good Biographies

To go on with this subject of biography, the Landscaper would like to suggest again that Antonina Valentin's life of Stresemann, called simply *Stresemann*, is an extraordinarily fine piece of work, and one that should not be overlooked; it is really worth reading wholly aside from one's interest in the subject. The biographer had a very unusual character to portray, it is true, but the sheer artistry of her effort is in evidence within the first two or three pages; one may know at once that she is quite sure of herself and in full command of fine powers. Another biography that is sure to interest many Americans is J. B. O'Mally's *Florence Nightingale, 1820–1856*, the story of the life of this remarkable woman down to the end of the Crimean War, written with the assistance of her family, who gave the biographer full access to all letters and other private documents. The result is by no means a politely stodgy book; it is, rather, a stirring portrait. C. E. Vuillamy, whose *Voltaire* of a year ago, was an unusually good story, has now done Rousseau, and will in time present *John Wesley*. His *Rousseau* is very good indeed; he is a careful scholar who writes well, and who has a mastery of his period; one would search a long time for a better picture of Jean-Jacques than is to be found in his pages. Not a biography, but a full-length critical study, is Arthur MacDowall's *Thomas Hardy*, a careful and complete examination of the whole work of Hardy. Mr. MacDowall's theory is that Hardy was a poet who wrote novels, rather than a novelist who turned in his latter years to verse, and this theory he has worked out interestingly enough, although there are still some of us left who prefer to think of Hardy as a great novelist, with his output of poetry of distinctly secondary importance. England has enjoyed H. S. Ede's book, *Savage Messiah*, about the sculptor Gaudier-Breszka as much as America, one is pleased to report; Francis Toye's full-length biography of Verdi is another important work in the field of biography that will find its way to the United States.

England Looks at Us

Among the books read by the Landscaper in London was a report on the crime situation in America written by an English newspaperman, Collinson Owen, and called *King Crime*. This is a detached and not at all unfriendly survey of the crime situation in the United States as it existed before Mr. Capone was put into prison, as some wag put it, for using the wrong fork at a dinner party. Mr. Owen has spent a good deal of time among us, enough at any rate to have written a book in which the facts are beyond

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dispute. His pleasant theory is that unless we destroy crime, crime will destroy us. One finds this a little pessimistic, for the United States seems to be able to stand a staggering amount of law-violation without going under. At any rate, Mr. Owen has given us the chance to see ourselves as others see us; his is a sociological study of crime in America as a phenomenon of the civilization we have built up, and whether one likes it or not, the picture is not exaggerated. The advantage of the book is, of course, that it furnishes a panorama of the whole crime situation the country over; as depressing as are our daily newspapers, they can do no more than to give one glimpses of the state of affairs, and their kaleidoscopic bits are so often lost before they can be fitted into any general pattern. Thoughtful Americans, the Landscaper believes, will find Mr. Owen's book disturbing, but with distinct possibilities toward awakening the public conscience.

Russell vs. Jeans

THE Landscaper picked up in Paris a bit of gossip about a red-hot controversy that will be on full tilt this autumn. Bertrand Russell is finishing a book in which he attacks the theories of Jeans and Eddington to the extent of some 90,000 words. It is the first important work of this kind Mr. Russell — who is now a British Lord — has done in many years, and since Jeans and Eddington are among the major prophets of the era, there is certain to be a great deal of interest in the row. Just what it all will have to do with the price of eggs remains to be seen; after the utter failure last year of the New Humanists to remake the world nearer to the heart's desire, the Landscaper has been suspicious of these intellectual movements. But for those who read Jeans and Eddington for excitement, even when they aren't quite certain what the two esteemed gentlemen are driving at, and who at the same time do not object to the suggestion that there are other strange things in the world besides philosophers' minds, the Landscaper suggests *With Mystics and Magicians in Tibet*, by Alexandra David-Neel, and *Glimpses Into Infinity*, as seen by Frank Ives and written down by Gascoigne Lumley. Mrs. David-Neel has spent months in Tibet as a lady lama, and has been initiated into the magic of the land, which is in itself, from her descriptions, the natural home of things that lie outside the ordinary human consciousness. She does not ask for the absolute credulity of the reader, but is content to set down what she has seen and felt; many of the demonstrations are startling, and the very tone of the book is sufficient to convince the skeptical that it is written by an intelligent observer. Frank Ives and Gascoigne Lumley wrote that strange book, *Ju-Ju and Justice in Nigeria*.

Some Real Ghost Stories

MR. IVES claims to have psychic powers, discovered in early childhood. He sets down one experience after another as baldly as possible, furnishing as much evidence as is to be had to prove the existence of earth-bound as well as beneficent spirits, and telling how his astral body has often made long

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journeys into distant lands. On several occasions, he narrowly escaped burial during the absence of the ego. This is not a book for a timid person to read alone at midnight in an old house; it contains several extraordinarily good ghost stories, all put down with conviction, and with the proper circumstances. It may be as well for the Landscaper to say that he is quite frankly skeptical of the supernatural, although he has himself stumbled upon some curious occurrences in the course of a fairly long life, especially in the field of telepathy.

Perhaps one might mention somewhat in this connection the award of the Hawthornden Prize for 1930 to Geoffrey Dennis' *The End of the World*, praised long ago in these columns as one of the most extraordinary of recent books. The chances are there are copies still available, since the volume did not meet with any great burst of appreciation; it is worth reading as a stunning piece of rhetoric, as well as something filled with overtones of thunder. There is an irresistible fascination for many minds about the subject; otherwise, in all probability, the millenarian theory would long ago have been discarded, especially as its believers have so often been deceived.

How pleasant it would be for the Landscaper if all the words that come out of his battered typewriter could be formed in surroundings as pleasant as those that have already been hinted at in the beginning of this article! This morning at breakfast time, a sparrow dropped down out of a nearby elm onto the breakfast tray, and with only a little shyness, ate breakfast with the Landscaper. . . . The good sun shines, the wind makes the leaves dance; the world is strangely still even in the middle of the morning. How curious it is to move about from one country to another so swiftly and suddenly, lugging all the impedimenta of one's being! Next month, impedimenta and all, the Landscaper will be back in New York, *si Dios quiere*, and the promise is hereby made that the department will be much more about books than other matters, although there should not be a hard and fast line. Life flows into books and out of books. . . . There are no one-way signs between Art and Life.

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Notes of a Cosmopolitan

By Barbara E. Scott

Happily for globe-trotters the world is blessed with seasons, else they might all be making for the same side of the world at the same time, and that would be upsetting. As it is, one half may be abroad reveling in its favorite haunts, while the other half cools its heels, counts costs, and plans its next adventurous journey. Perhaps that is why, if you could look in on any number of people staying quietly in or near their own bailiwicks just now, you would find them at their leisure pouring over sheaves of enchantingly designed booklets, each bearing that legend as potent as any talisman of old — "Around the World Cruise."

A World Cruise This Year!

Across their covers in gay procession march caparisoned elephants and their wise mahouts, temple dancers in jeweled head-dresses, giddy rickshaw boys, frivolous *geishas* bedecked like butterflies, stately camels, turbaned Sikhs, and stodgy old water buffaloes. Who could escape being tempted to look inside where itineraries are outlined in detail, and following the urge to travel inherent in every one of us. Then there are maps. Maps of the world with long swinging lines curving across blue oceans. Intimate friendly little maps that convince you that you will know your way about when you arrive. And tucked away in the back of the booklets are diagrams of the ships, so that you may ponder the pros and cons of deck and stateroom, of design and plan, of port and starboard. In some instances these also record costs, and this allows a satisfying opportunity to balance one thing against the other when it comes to making your choice. Ships must be considered and speed; rates balanced against itineraries; seasons decided upon, and last, but by no means least, the management of the cruise must be appraised. We all have our rathers and sometimes decision rests on small things. Thus far this season, three world cruises have been scheduled, that under the management of the Cunard Line and Thos. Cook & Son with 180 years of combined experience as their background; the Hamburg American Line, whose cruise ship was built specially for both temperate and tropical zone voyaging; and the Canadian Pacific offering the novelty of a brand-new ship. The Dollar Line sending ships round the world every fortnight we feel we have always with us, as it were.

Phineas Fogg's Ideas and Yours

These world cruises allow about the same amount of time for their voyages, but how long and leisurely they seem, now that Post and Gatty have shown us that we can make a world tour well inside the usual two weeks vacation time, and still have opportunity for a few side trips on the way. But crossing all the 360 meridians in less than nine days, though it may have charms, still seems a little hurried, and most of us are inclined to agree that Phineas Fogg had to hurry unduly to make it in eighty days. In fact after we have been around the world once, we are quite content to concede that Magellan's three-year voyage was just about the proper speed for circling the globe — and are ready for another trip. For after all, there is an awful lot to this old world and we do not want to miss anything if we can help it.

Dallying Through India

Perhaps the Far East holds the greatest enchantment for you, and you will approach it through India, first setting foot in Bombay, where the streets run riot with color and types of humanity such as you can hardly have imagined, for here you rub shoulders with Afghans, Arabs, Sikhs from Northern India, Rajputs, and even Tibetans. You will learn to enjoy the luxury of *chota hazri* (your tea and toast) in the early morning, and the freshness of the day in its

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youngish hours, for this is the time for your sight-seeing ventures. You will spend one morning on the top deck of a queer, turtle-like boat, being poled by gleaming native boys along the velvet waters of the holy Ganges at Benares, watching pilgrims from the farthest parts of India pour down the broad damp steps to the river's edge. They come to the tune of ten thousand a month. The scene presents an impression of great intensity, of attainment after faithful striving, but it is softened by the gay movement of color, as the Indian sun turns the great parasols that shelter groups here and there into giant toadstools of gold, molten gold, green gold and red. You will be apt to step aside for some sacred bull in the streets where these holy creatures have things their own way, and perchance come upon a slim, fantastic fakir who will trick you into believing you have seen a mango tree sprout and grow large under your very eyes, and you will wander on down to the bazaars with something more to think about in this strange Eastern land. But when you have lingered in the perfumed shadow of these same bazaars and appraised the precious treasure spread before you for your delectation — when you have felt the softness of old jade, let a handful of pigeon-blood rubies filter through your fingers, caught the glint of star sapphires in the dim light, the words of the Indian Love song echo again in memory, this time with poignant meaning:

"If in the great bazaars
They sold the golden stars,
Beloved, there should be
A necklace wrought for thee
More marvelous than that faint film
That hangs above the sea."

You will travel to Delhi and live in a fashionable hotel, and walk softly through palaces whose windows are screened with lace-like marble; you will enter the blue silence of the Jami Masjid, India's largest mosque, built by Shah Jehan, and perhaps climb the high Kutb Minar, the tower of victory built by a slave who became a king in India — but you will find the spirit of India today looking from the questioning eyes of some patient-faced mother nursing her child in the shade of an unobtrusive doorway.

Love Gardens by Baber

At Agra the incomparable Taj awaits, that tomb whose beauty seems to typify all India. And from its terrace, across the river, you will glimpse the ruins of the once blossoming love gardens of Baber, that Persian conqueror from whom descend the great Moguls, who found himself an exile in Agra, longing for his Persian gardens with their faintly musical streams and great overhanging chinars. So dear to this fighting king were his flowers and his gardens, that in his memoirs which his grandson Akbar caused to be so charmingly illustrated, he is pictured entirely absorbed in measuring the symmetry of a garden plot, while splendid embassies stand awaiting his pleasure outside the gate, unheeded.

Isles of the Eastern Seas

Leaving India, you will discover just how endearing tropic islands can be — those unspoiled little bits of land where the world wakes up with the sunrise. Ceylon, Bali, Penang on Prince of Wales Island, Java, Hongkong, Mindanao, Luzon, the islands of Japan and Hawaii. How incredibly many there are. In Ceylon, which was one of the first of the great tropical oriental islands to be colonized by Europeans, who occupied it more than 350 years ago, you may come upon one of the oldest and largest botanical gardens in the world — the Royal Botanic Gardens of Peradeniya, near the mountain town of Kandy. Here you may learn to eat the most delectable curries. The Javanese are vegetarians, and in the markets, strewn about the ground or placed in generous bamboo baskets, you will find many varieties of the vegetables and spices which go to make up the famous Javanese curries. Here, too, you will doubtless begin sampling all kinds of fruits that are new to you: jack-fruit with its rich, sweet flavor, whose large seeds when roasted are as tasty as chestnuts; bael-fruit and jaggery, the latter a sugar made from the sago-palm and quite as delicious in its way as our own maple syrup; mangosteens, that "queen" of tropical fruits, pomegranates from Persian gardens, large juicy Chinese persimmons and pumeloes that are like our grapefruit without its bitterness.

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Surely tropic islands are a bonanza for the fruit-lover.

A Peep at Penang

At Penang, where through the palm-lined streets go creaking two-wheeled carts of crude rubber drawn by patient water-buffaloes, you may experience a good many cold shivers running up and down your spine when you brave the Snake Temple, but you will go nevertheless, because your curiosity will not be satisfied until you have seen if the snakes really do twine themselves round the various idols, braziers, and gongs, and hang in a tracery of green from the rafters of the ceilings. It is comforting to learn, however, that the fragrance of burning incense keeps them pleasantly dormant, so that they are not very active. If you've time to stay a bit in these parts, there is great hunting in the jungles round about.

When Pierre Loti Went to Angkor

Sometimes Penang is made the starting point for a side trip to Angkor in Cambodia, and other times these ancient ruins are reached from the French colony at Saigon in Indo-China, but it makes little difference from which angle you approach this ruined city of the Khmers, just so you make the memorable experience your own. When Pierre Loti, thirty years ago, realized the ambition of his childhood and found himself within sight of Bayon, the most ancient of the sanctuaries of Angkor, he traveled under the greatest difficulties which he describes thus: "Through an inextricable tangle of dripping branches and creepers, we have to beat our way with sticks in order to reach the temple. The forest entwines it strictly on every side, chokes it, crushes it. . . . Here are the doors; roots, like aged beards, drape them with a thousand fringes. . . . My Cambodian guide is insistent that we should depart. We have no lanterns, he tells us, on our carts, and it behooves us to return before the hour of the tiger. Before I leave, however, I raise my eyes to look at the towers which overhang me, drowned in verdure, and I shudder suddenly with an undefinable fear as I perceive, falling upon me from above,

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a huge fixed smile; and then another smile again, beyond, on another stretch of wall, and then three, and then five and then ten. They appear everywhere and I realize that I have been overlooked from all sides by the faces of the quadruple-visage towers. . . . They are likenesses of the gods worshipped in times obliterated, by men whose history is now unknown; likenesses from which, in the lapse of centuries, neither the slow travail of the forest, nor the heavy dissolving rains have been able to remove the expression. . ."

You will want to visit Angkor if only to echo with Loti, the magical phrase of his childhood: "In the depths of the forests of Siam, I have seen the star of evening rise over the ruins of Angkor." It is all so simple of performance now — the getting to these vast ruins. Over smooth automobile roads you may speed through aisles of chastened jungle by motor, either from Penang (returning via Bangkok to Pak Nam) or Saigon, unless you give the excursion more time and travel the twisting yellow waters of the Mekong by boat, and so come to the comfortable pavilion which the French Government has so thoughtfully provided for visitors.

Beauty of Balinese Temples

One of the innovations in world cruises of late has been the inclusion of the charming little island of Bali — a garden spot where time has seemed to stand still and where life glides peacefully along at the same tempo as it did when Akbar's engineers and skilled architects laid out Fatehpur-Sikri centuries ago. It is an island of softly appealing beauty — of thousands of temples, many of them dating from comparatively recent times though bearing in their profuse carvings designs conceived in antiquity. Occasionally you are startled to find what you believe to be an ancient temple carved in modern bas-reliefs dealing with such super-modern subjects as a hold-up man detaining an archaic-looking motor car whose occupant is properly registering fear, or a gentleman in modern garb peddling a bicycle. Doubtless the gentleman with the revolver was inspired by the latest gang-movie from Chicago, as they are sometimes shown at Singaraja. Balinese temples are not covered structures, such as we are prone to visualize, but a series of three walled-in courts, containing several open sheds, so their construction is not a very serious undertaking. But the carving on these temples is another matter. Time and time again the villagers leave their rice paddies to carve temples to their gods, and when you see a procession of stately Balinese women on fête days mounting the steps of these ornate arches, bearing on their heads all manner of gifts, the temples somehow take on a new meaning. Religious dances performed with an easy grace are made more memorable by the exquisite setting these temples afford. They are always willingly given for visitors, and are really a sight not to be overlooked in Bali.

Hongkong — "More British than the British"

Suppose we choose Hongkong as our next port of call, for there are so many of them on a world cruise that we may only select a few at random to write about in these sketchy notes. Hongkong has long been termed more British than the British themselves, but beneath all its formality you may find a genuine welcome, even though you may be received at Government House with as much ceremony as though you were having an audience at Buckingham Palace. But with the proper introductions, you may enjoy the hospitality of any one of half a dozen palatial clubs which will be crowded every night from six to eight o'clock, or you may go in for those which sponsor cricket, golf, tennis, polo, hockey, yachting, swimming or what not in the line of sports. There are many charming walks in Hongkong on which some one is sure to invite you, but you will appreciate them more after you have grown accustomed to hills, for Hongkong is really just one series of hills. When you want to reach the top, or the Peak, as it is called, you will gratefully enlist the friendly services of the little tram which journeys up and down so faithfully many times a day. Cream-colored banks and business houses line the shore near the landing stage, for your ship will anchor out in the harbor, and then farther on up the hill you

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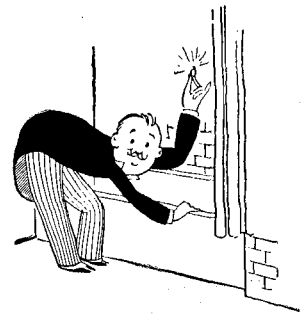
will glimpse some of the loveliest villas you are likely to find anywhere. Shops under their broad arcades are crowded with treasures from all parts of the world, and with a little persuasive bargaining, offer opportunity to corral many of those priceless things that are often only procurable farther afield. This great outpost of Britain lives in its own way on the island of Victoria, but across the water on the mainland at Kowloon, China is crowding down to the very water's edge, and here over a cave where in 1287 the Emperor Sung sought refuge from the hordes of Kublai Khan, you may read the ancient carved inscription, "The Pavilion of the Emperor of the Sungs."

That Portuguese Monte Carlo—Macao

IT IS quite easy, while your steamer swings at anchor at Hongkong, to take the few hours' trip up the Pearl River to Macao, that five square miles of Portuguese land known as "the Monte Carlo of the East." In its early days Macao was famous as a slave market, but now its population is largely slave to "dream grains" or opium, which is manufactured there in large quantities. It is a city where gambling and vice in all its forms are openly indulged, and the Portuguese authorities who govern its destinies waive all customs and immigration examinations in their eagerness to welcome whatever has the appearance of ready cash. Hidden away from all this garishness is one quiet garden vastly lovely to look upon, where Camoens, Portugal's exiled poet and adventurer, completed his great epic, *The Lusiads*.

Drifting in the Mediterranean

MOST round-the-world cruises, as well as specially designated Mediterranean cruises, begin to unfold their enchantments when the blue shadow of Gibraltar has been passed and the ships nose their way past its stern visage to enter the storied waters of the Mediterranean. You may picture this "Sea of the Ancients" swarming with Algerian or Moorish pirates, storm-driven galleys, Roman triremes, or those countless harmless fishing



$3,000 RING
found in bath tub

THIS departing guest was frantic: A $3,000 diamond ring lost—and he couldn't wait to look for it. With agony in his voice, he called the United Manager. Three hours go by. The guest has gone, but the manager is still on the job.

A wild idea—the Manager pokes a flash-light down the bath tub drain—there's a faint sparkle—plumbers arrive, the drain gives up a $3,000 ring.

Another true story proving that United Managers do the impossible in finding lost articles. This extra service costs the hotel money? Yes, but what of it. Extra service is taken for granted at United Hotels, just like larger rooms per dollar—and handy garage accommodations.

Extra service at these 25

UNITED HOTELS

NEW YORK CITY'S *only United*	The Roosevelt
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	The Benjamin Franklin
SEATTLE, WASH.	The Olympic
WORCESTER, MASS.	The Bancroft
NEWARK, N. J.	The Robert Treat
PATERSON, N. J.	The Alexander Hamilton
TRENTON, N. J.	The Stacy-Trent
HARRISBURG, PA.	The Penn-Harris
ALBANY, N. Y.	The Ten Eyck
SYRACUSE, N. Y.	The Onondaga
ROCHESTER, N. Y.	The Seneca
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.	The Niagara
ERIE, PA.	The Lawrence
AKRON, OHIO	The Portage
FLINT, MICH.	The Durant
KANSAS CITY, MO.	The President
TUCSON, ARIZ.	El Conquistador
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.	The St. Francis
SHREVEPORT, LA.	The Washington-Youree
NEW ORLEANS, LA.	The Roosevelt
NEW ORLEANS, LA.	The Bienville
TORONTO, ONT.	The King Edward
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.	The Clifton
WINDSOR, ONT.	The Prince Edward
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I.	The Constant Spring

UNITED HOTELS

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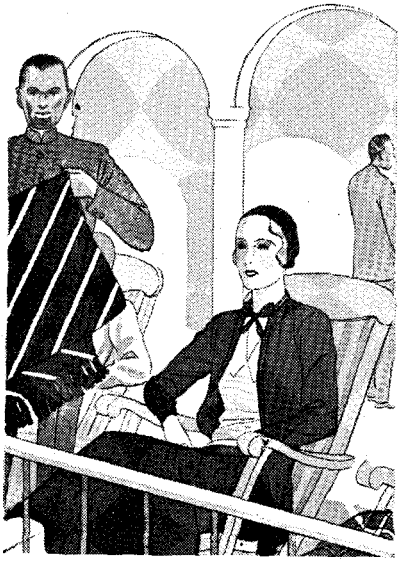

September Sea-scape

LET Chalfonte-Haddon Hall be the setting for an ocean-voyage-on-land. Come now, while the shore is at its best. Lie on the ocean deck and savor the salty tang of a sea warmed by the summer sun. Here is an informal atmosphere, inspired cuisine, unobtrusive service . . . things that make a stay here something to anticipate — and remember.

There are all sorts of recreation facilities. Squash courts, a well-equipped gym, game-rooms. Riding on the beach, and a golf course a few minutes by motor. Play. Bask in the sun. Read . . . happy in the cheerful hospitality of Chalfonte-Haddon Hall. Write for information.

American and European Plans

CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL

ATLANTIC CITY

Leeds and Lippincott Company

boats with their red and yellow lateen sails which still venture into its far reaches, but whatever ships you set a-sailing on its blue depths in imagination, you will be glad that you are sailing it yourself.

It is no task at all to give yourself up to the utter fascination of the countries that edge its shores, each so different in their concepts of life, and it is next to impossible to resist its islands. Mallorca, of the Balearic Isles, with its lazy port of Palma, and its countless new moon beaches sparkling in the sunshine, is one of the most appealing. Here its gentle people still cling to many of the manners and customs of the Middle Ages, and prices, while not exactly mediæval, come nearer in scale to that age than our own.

How Ulysses Withstood the Sirens

WHEN we come to Capri, we do not take the precautions that Ulysses did when he sailed along its shores, perhaps because we are more accustomed to the Mediterranean's sirens and like them better. You may or may not remember how he had himself lashed to the mast of his galley, and ordered his crew to fill their ears with wax so that they might all safely escape the lure of the beautiful maidens whose sole delight in life seemed to be to steal hardy mariners from the straight and narrow path of duty and what not. Today, we yield gracefully to any siren that may be about, paying particular heed to any that may remain round about Capri. F. L. Minnegerode has substantiated the claims made by Edwin Cerio, a writer and engineer who has done much research in Capri, that in one of the island's great caves they found unmistakable evidence that it had been occupied by women who seemed to have been most skilful in the gentle art of making themselves beautiful, for all kinds of artificial aids to beauty were found there. So picturesque is this "Sirens' Isle" in our eyes, however, that we scarcely trouble to be on the lookout for sirens. Instead, we glide securely over the silvery waters of the Blue Grotto, where Hans Christian Andersen tells us, "the drops of spray tossed up by the movement of the oars, fell red like fresh rose leaves" — and feel repaid.

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Latchstrings Along the Mediterranean

PORTS of call for Mediterranean cruises are like so many magic doors, each opening when you lift the latch, on some adventure quite unlike any you have ever known. Sometimes you linger in the ports, and again you push on farther inland, perhaps to follow the trail of the Crusaders to the Holy Land, or the soft flowing Nile to Cairo and even to the farthest cataract; again, it may be the desert that calls more persistently than you know how to resist, and when you reach Tunis, you yield to the temptation to ride away into the yellow sands on a fleet-limbed camel, or mayhap in a modern motor.

Up and down the Adriatic to Corfu, and Cattaro, to Venice, whose gilded palaces still evoke memories of the grandeur of the Doges, to Malta, the Valhalla of the Knights of St. John. Catania and Messina will just serve as reminders that some day you are coming back to Sicily when you can stay and stay, and never give a thought to such things as trunks or travel, while Naples, with its calm blue bay, has given such a pleasant impression of Italy, that you never want to leave that country until you have traveled its entire length. Ville Franche, on the French Riviera, is merely a stopping place on the way to Monte Carlo, Nice, Antibes, and the entire host of smart French watering places that cluster along the French coast as thick as gulls on their favorite rocks. While Algiers, with its veiled women, plashing fountains, fragrant gardens and fine French hotels, seems almost to lead a double life, when you chance suddenly upon its weird native quarter where on the side of a yellow hill human lives are dragged out in what look like so many caves with front doors, dug in the side of the hill.

There is an age-old fascination about these ancient Mediterranean strongholds, as there is about almost any port which you may include in your itinerary on a Mediterranean cruise, and as the years leave your voyage behind in the dim crannies of memory, the histories of these cities go endlessly on, enriching oncoming generations with their romance and beauty even as they have your own.

(*Continued from page VII*)

merce Commission is doing the same thing. Consideration of the railroads' plea for a rate rise seems to have been postponed until the middle of October or the first of November. The Commission apparently hopes that crops will be good and that the railroads will make some money in the harvest season so that a rate rise will become unnecessary.

Beer

THERE have been persistent rumors in Wall Street that Mr. Hoover, when he had finished cleaning up the European situation, would do something about beer. Obviously, if beer could be legalized, the Farm Board could dispose of its huge holdings of wheat and employment would be enormously increased. However, the fact is that the President has no power to legalize beer containing more than ½ of 1% of alcohol. This is a matter solely for Congress. And the make-up of the Congress which will meet next December is such that an overwhelming majority is "dry."

Conclusion

THE *Christian Science Monitor*, a notably conservative organ, recently made a survey of the leading investment and economic services, and published an editorial discussing the results of its findings. The bulk of them, the editorial reads, are in agreement that the bear market is practically over and are frank to say with more or less definiteness that the stage has been reached at which people with funds are justified in making long term commitments in selected bonds, preferred and common stocks.

Seven important factors are listed as furnishing a foundation for a period of prosperity. They are the tremendous deflation in values, increased efficiency in practically every industry, the widespread withholding of purchasing on the part of the public, making for a pent-up demand, the apparent stabilization in commodity prices, the current cheapness of money or credit, the probability of Federal action on freight rates favorable to the railroads, and the international debt moratorium. The gist of the best advice obtainable is that this is a good time to invest money, unhurriedly, discriminatingly.

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NEW BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

By B. S. STANOYEVICH

OUR TIMES

Men and Forces of Our Time. By *Valeriu Marcu*. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

Mostly made up of sketches of the prominent men on the contemporary scene, this book also analyzes their leanings.

Essays in Contemporary Civilization. Edited by *C. W. Thomas*. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Through the personalities of certain outstanding individuals are evaluated the machine age, modern morals, industrial problems, etc.

Looking Backward. By *Edward Bellamy*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.00.

Herewith is re-issued a book which, written in 1887, contained prophecies which are now coming true with the performance of the Russian Five-Year Plan.

Our National Ballads. By *C. A. Browne*. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. $2.50.

The story of how patriotic as well as sentimental American songs were written is set down here.

The Federal Trust Policy. By *John D. Clark*. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. $2.75.

Written because the anti-trust laws are becoming a subject of popular interest.

FICTION

And No Birds Sing. By *Pauline Leader*. New York: The Vanguard Press. $2.50.

A moving autobiography of one who, deaf from the age of twelve, overcame her life of hardships.

Silver Trumpets Calling. By *Lucille Borden*. New York: Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Dramatic events in the lives of a Russian princess and a prince, separated on the eve of their marriage by the War.

The Pastor of Poggsee. By *Gustave Frenssen*. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

The War and German Revolution break into the happiness and change the convictions of a straightforward, intelligent minister of Holstein.

The Hex Woman. By *Raube Walters*. New York: Macaulay. $2.00.

How three sisters of an excellent family in a Pennsylvania Dutch community are compelled to practise witchcraft.

CULTURE

The Art of Learning. By *Walter B. Pitkin*. New York: Whittlesey House. $2.50.

As is usual with this author, he makes plain and practical those things which pertain to necessary mental processes in everyday life.

Adventures in Genius. By *Will Durant*. New York: Simon and Schuster. $4.00.

Starting by listing the ten greatest thinkers and poets, Dr. Durant goes on to discuss adventures in literature, travel and controversy.

A Guide to Historical Literature. Edited by *William Henry Allison* and Others. New York: The Macmillan Company. $10.50.

The scope of this Guide includes all parts of the globe in all ages. Attention is centered on the great cultural nations in the periods of their greatest importance.

Did Homer Live? By *Victor Berard*. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.00.

One of France's leading scholars summarizes his twenty previous volumes on Homer, proving that the poet lived, and inherited an old Semitic culture.

INTERNATIONAL DOCUMENTS

The Classics of International Law. Edited by *John Brown Scott*. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. $10.00 each volume.

Four volumes are issued herewith, two in Latin and two as translations, relating to concepts of international law.

International Adjudications. Edited by *John Bassett Moore*. New York: The Oxford University Press. $2.50.

This volume of the series contains "Pre-war Debts: Arbitration under Jay Treaty (1794)."

The Anglo-Japanese Alliance. By *Chung-fu Chang*. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. $2.75.

A good bibliography adds to the value of this well handled book.

Schemes for the Federation of the British Empire. By *Seymour Ching-Yuan Cheng*. New York: Columbia University Press. $5.25.

It deals with the historical background and brings one up to the present time in current thinking on this problem.

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